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JANUARY 28, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

What has happened to EDMUND WILSON? asks his old friend JOHN DOS PASSOS. And MAX EASTMAN says we should impeach GOD.

Also In This Issue:

RICKENBACKER ON OHIO POLITICS ◆ ELSPETH HUXLEY DISCUSSES WHAT'S NEXT FOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA ◆ BURNHAM ON THE SOUTH SEA EMPEROR ◆ & (GRATIS) HOW TO UNDERSTAND LITERATURE

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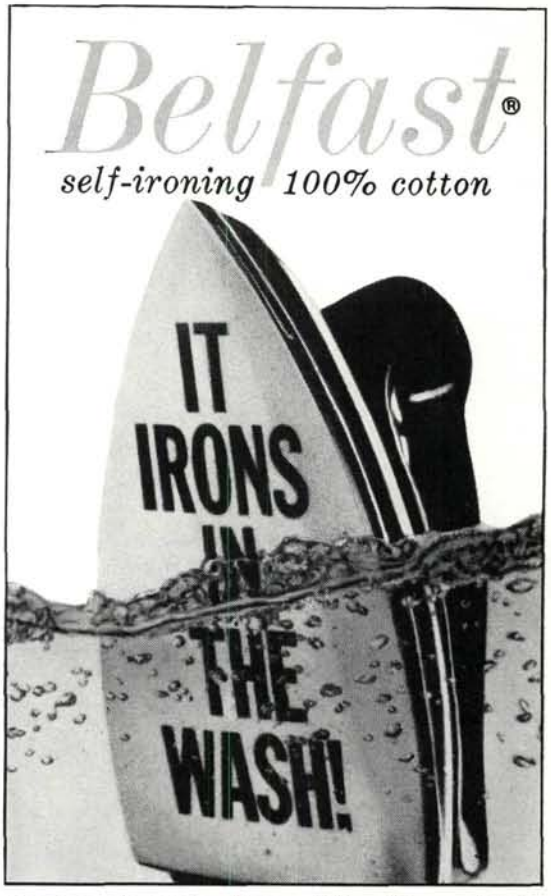

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Elspeth Huxley** presides over the liquidation of the Federation of Rhodesia, and predicts that, largely as the result of the paralysis of the British Government, a quarter million whites in South Rhodesia will be abandoned. Mrs. Huxley, who writes regularly on African affairs for NATIONAL REVIEW, spent much of her life in Africa, and is well known as a historian, essayist, and novelist. She writes like a dream. . . . **William Rickenbacker** went recently to Ohio to get a first-hand impression (not very favorable) of the influential Governor James Rhodes, and to see how things are going there for Senator Goldwater and conservatism in general. . . . And that old sinner **Max Eastman,** who has been nagging at us for years now, in his genial way, states his case against NATIONAL REVIEW: We are, he says, trying to marry conservatism and Christianity, and he would have us know he is a reluctant witness to this morganatic affair. Mr. Eastman, the renowned author and essayist, is at work on his autobiography.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** writes about Senator Goldwater and his stand on breaking off relations with the Soviet Union. . . . **James Burnham** points to the heightening threat from Indonesia. Mr. Burnham's new book, *The Ideology of Western Suicide: An Essay on the Meaning and Destiny of Liberalism,* is scheduled for publication in April. . . . And **Carl Leiden,** of the University of Texas, who has taught at the Peshawar University in West Pakistan and at the American University in Cairo, tells us of certain of the misconceptions about the Middle East not only we the people, but our leaders, too, have fallen for. . . . **Wm. Gavin,** who teaches English at the Abington Senior High School, Abington, Penn., has a whale of a good time giving a modern Liberal's interpretation of the meaning of *Oedipus Rex, Hamlet, Macbeth, Gulliver's Travels,* and *A Christmas Carol.*

➔ **John Dos Passos** reviews, with sympathy, and with sorrow, the latest book by Edmund Wilson, in which Mr. Wilson lashes out at American militarists for causing Russia to challenge the United States, which in turn causes the U.S. to pass income tax laws which Mr. Wilson, having ignored them, was got after by Internal Revenue just as if he were you and me. Mr. Dos Passos, ever so gently, informs his old friend of what happened *after* Lenin reached the Finland Station. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl** writes lucidly and penetratingly about an autobiography of an ex-Communist (Victor Serge), and a biography of a famous Communist (Trotsky). . . . **Francis Graham Wilson,** professor of political science at the University of Illinois, and a distinguished and prolific author, reviews a new and important book on municipal government, *City Politics,* one of whose co-authors, Professor Edward Banfield, has occasionally reviewed books for NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . And the incomparable **Francis Russell,** after sitting through the movie version of *The Cardinal,* declares unconditional war on Otto Preminger. . . . FLASH! *NR* contributors **Joan Didion** and **Gregory Dunne** will be married late this month.

➔ The poet is **Alan Neame,** better known as the novelist who wrote *The Adventures of Maude Noakes* (1961), and who brilliantly translated the untranslatable Cocteau *(Léone).* ➔

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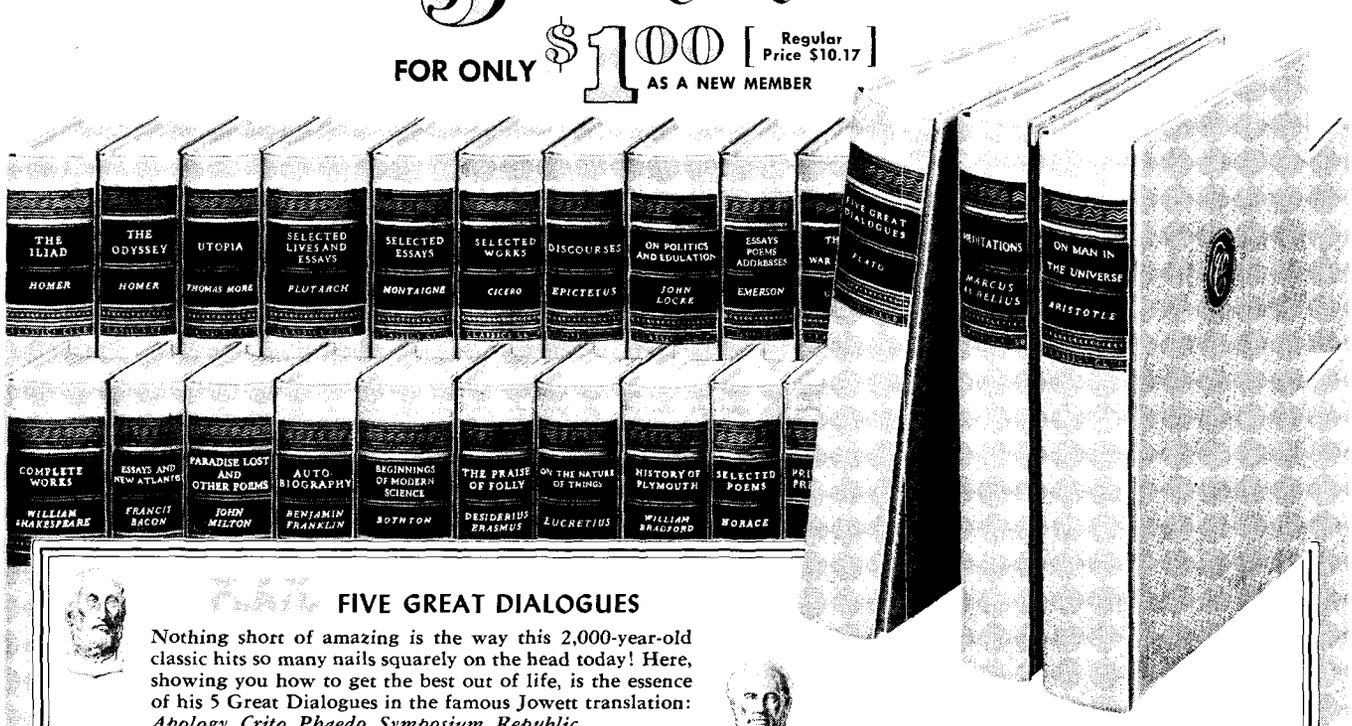

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The WEEK

● 1) Ours is the Affluent Society. 2) It is the solemn duty of the State to represent Society. 3) Therefore, it is the solemn duty of the State to become Affluent. QED. Today's sillygism was submitted by the fifty states of the union which raised taxes last year and rolled up a record $22 billion rakeoff. If you drank, smoked, fished, hunted, rented, purchased, incorporated, gave, inherited, drove, owned, worked, sold, earned, employed or in general disported yourself with less than monastic asceticism, chances are overwhelming that a greater share of your Affluence was converted into state Affluence last year than ever before. Thus do the fifty states of the union close the budget fat gap. The feds had better look to their taxpayer depletion allowance.

● Coming on as the hard anti-Communist, Nelson Rockefeller told a New Hampshire audience the other day that he knew all about Alger Hiss *when*. Mr. Rockefeller said that he was the only Assistant Secretary of State attending the United Nations' 1945 conference in San Francisco—for which Hiss was administrative Secretary General—who would meet with FBI men, and he did meet with them, in his hotel room every morning at 7:30. "They came in one morning and said, 'We've got the goods on Alger Hiss.' This was '45, mind you, long before anything else [sic] broke. And there also was Harry Dexter White, who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury." Why, then, had Rockefeller not relayed what he knew to his superiors in the State Department? Oh, that. Well, that was because of the way they felt about the FBI—you know, the feeling that "maybe this was a Fascist organization in our own midst." Oh.

● George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, has come up with a parcel of statistics we wouldn't touch with a ten-foot poll. The question was, If the election were held today, which candidate would you like to see win, Lyndon Johnson or ————? Gallup says "the nation's voters" would like Johnson over Lodge, 66 to 23 per cent; Johnson over Rockefeller, 74 to 17 per cent; Johnson over Nixon, 69 to 24 per cent; Johnson over Goldwater, 75 to 20 per cent. Since no Democratic President has received even a simple majority of the total vote in any of the last four elections, the Gallup figures "may require further refinement," as they say in the biz. Maybe Gallup failed to get a true sample, or "the nation's voters" had succumbed to mass whimsy. Maybe the nation's voters misunderstood, and thought they were being asked to choose between ———— and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

● The New York State Supreme Court has declared illegal a ruling by James Allen Jr., Commissioner of Education, that would have required the transfer of students from one school to another in order to achieve a theoretically appropriate racial balance. The Supreme Court ruling rested firmly on the word of the statute, which says that "no person shall be refused admission into or be excluded from" any public school "on account of race, creed, color or national origin." Perhaps this is a step towards a ruling some day on the spirit of a free constitutional republic, which thrives only when the eyes of the law are fixed on citizens as individuals and not as members of any group, organized or unorganized.

● From West to East: King Hassan's (Morocco) troops have clashed with Ben Bella's (Algeria) within the last three months; Ben Bella has accused President Bourguiba (Tunisia) of attempting his assassination within the last year. King Idris (Libya) has been assailed as a feudal tyrant by Radio Algiers and Radio Cairo. Nasser's (Egypt) troops in Yemen are now fighting Yemeni royalists armed with Saudi Arabian weapons. Nasser's radio and press, and his secret agents, have been engaged for years in fomenting agitation and rebellion against King Saud (Saudi Arabia) and King Hussein (Jordan). Two years ago, Iraq laid claim to the Sheik of Kuwait's sheikdom and would have invaded it if the British hadn't sent in troops. Relations between the United Arab Republic and Syria have been strained since Maj. Gen. Amin el-Hafez led Syria out of the UAR. Cairo Radio took out after President Abdel Salem Arif of Iraq (the only world leader to have led a successful revolution against a government headed by himself—Nov. 1963) when Arif decided not to join in an Egypt-headed federation a few months ago. Last week all of the above-named gentlemen plus Lt. Gen. Ibrahim Abboud of Sudan met in Cairo to decide what to do about their common enemy—Israel. Tel Aviv, we understand, is not gravely concerned.

● The winds of change are blowing hard in Zanzibar, where last week whiffs of Cuban cigars and opium pipes mingled strangely with the scent of spices in the fragrant African night. Fleeing the turbulent isle in the wake of a rebel coup, some observers said, simply, that they smelled a rat. Others preferred to recall the time of jubilation, only last December, when captive Zanzibar at last burst the bonds of colonialist oppression. The hated Union Jack had flown for 74 years. Now all Zanzibar saluted the Sign of the Clove. It flew for 34 days. And so we say farewell, Sultan, and farewell to

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Zanzibar, land of mystery, land of change. (*Music up and out.*)

● Madalyn ("Mad") Murray, the scourge of Baltimore, is at it again. Last summer it was *Murray* v. *Maryland* in the Supreme Court's decision to bar prayer and Bible-reading from the nation's public schools. When next heard from, Mad was tearing through Kansas, sicking local atheists, of whom there were not many, on the local nuns, of whom there were not many either. Now it's *Murray* v. *Maryland* again in Circuit Court No. 2, where Plaintiff has filed suit, as Plaintiff invariably puts it (in her newsletter), to TAX THE CHURCHES! Estimated cost to the churches and synagogues of Baltimore alone, should Mrs. Murray succeed in getting their tax-exempt status declared unconstitutional, is $3 million a year. The Catholic Archdiocese of Baltimore will contest the suit. Battle lines are drawn, and Mrs. Murray, no slouch as a tactician, is narrowing her denominational sights, for this campaign. "We are fighting the Roman Catholic Church," she tells her dues-paying devotees, "and they can put in $25 million." For only $12 a year, you too can join the fight against Roman wealth as a member of the Murray organization, "O.A." She never tells what the "OA" stands for, but they say in Baltimore it's "Order of Attila."

● Last summer Senator Thomas Dodd rose in the Senate of the United States to warn that President Kwame Nkrumah was leading Ghana into the Communist camp and, indeed, that the "Castroization" of Ghana was far along—for which service he (the Senator, not the Osagyefo) was roundly denounced. He was seeing red hobgoblins again; where were his facts? etc. etc. Last week, after an assassination attempt that may or may not have been on the level, Nkrumah lowered the boom, suitably festooned with Communist rhetoric. He called for a purge of "reactionary" and "capitalist" elements in the civil service, judiciary, police and army. Our aim, the government-controlled *Ghanaian Times* proclaimed, "is a revolutionary democracy headed by a revolutionary proletariat."

● Progress, it's wonderful. Apparently in keeping with the tendency of progressive, modern Christians to shed their religion's shopworn orthodoxies, Anglican Bishop S. O. Odutola, of Ibadan, Nigeria, recently questioned the pre-medieval superstition of monogamy, apparently on the grounds that it is practiced neither in his own country nor in the West. "We have honest polygamy," thundered His Excellency. "In the case of our [Western] teachers, we have progressive polygamy."

● No, Mrs. Robb (Inez), it won't do. If you want to smear Senator Barry Goldwater (and you do—*vide N.Y. World Telegram & Sun,* Jan. 13, 1964) it just isn't good enough to put the smear into the mouth of an unidentified "prominent New York Democrat" (you're sure it was a *Democrat*!) who told you: "Barry has already equated Rocky with the Democrats. And since the Senator has just [when?] equated the Democrats with the Communists [time and place, if you please] he has by one of the first laws of logic [logic!] put Rocky in the Communist camp." Better watch your language, Mrs. Robb, or ACLU may have to spank.

● We commend to your gloomy New Year's meditations one of the complaints against (then) King George III explicated by those eighteenth-century agrarian signers of the Declaration of Independence: "He has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance." There are today approximately twice as many souls on the federal payrolls as there were people in the Thirteen Colonies in 1776.

The Dialogue Begins

The first two weeks are enough to prove that Barry Goldwater's formal entry into the Presidential campaign will force a stimulating change in election-year rhetoric: for the first time in living memory a good many million voters are going to confront some of the fundamental issues of our age, and are going to be compelled to re-examine their axioms. Our reigning ideologues have played a shrewd trick on us. In the name of "free speech," "a free market in ideas" and "the universal dialogue," they have actually locked our minds inside the walls of their assumptions. Everybody seems to be busily questioning everything, but in reality the questions left publicly open are only of application and details. We dispute whether the top rate of a progressive income tax ought to be 90 per cent or 70 per cent or 100 per cent; but we assume that in any event a steeply progressive income tax is just and prudent. We argue whether a federal school or medical or housing program should spend five or three or seven billion dollars a year, but not whether schools and medicine and housing are a proper concern of the Federal Government. We discuss how fast to disarm, not whether disarmament is a good thing. We debate what negotiations, pressures and concessions to use in coexisting with Communism, but leave unnoticed the question whether our aim should be not to coexist with Communism but to defeat it.

The Goldwater candidacy—now that it is avowed, official, an unavoidable and national fact—forces a break through the ideological walls, and permits us to see our political and philosophical structure in the

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light of day. This sort of open examination, openly arrived at, is the last thing the ideologues desire. They know the Liberal Establishment stands firm only while most of us *think* it firm, and that we think it firm only because we haven't looked closely at its rickety underpinnings. That is why the ideologues and the practical politicians whom they feed seek at all costs to avoid a public discussion that touches seriously on assumptions, axioms, principles and basic goals. They know that the best defense for the bureaucratized Welfare State, catering to the appetites of the masses at home and humiliating itself before the barbarians abroad, is the universal assumption that nothing else is possible, that "you can't turn the clock back," etc. etc., and that "rational" discussion is concerned only with how most quickly to increase domestic welfarism and decrease global tension.

The ideologues do not object to a brisk election campaign: they only want to be sure it is not fought on fundamentals; and this is best assured if both parties select "reasonable" and "responsible" candidates—candidates, that is, who will not bring into question the assumptions on which the Establishment is built. But Barry Goldwater is not (praise the Lord!) "reasonable" or "responsible," and therefore Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop and their imitators tried savagely to wheedle, blackmail and terrorize him out of a formal declaration. In one sentence they dismissed him as an eighteenth-century joke; in the next, they implied he is a twenty-first-century fascist. In one paragraph they proved that he couldn't get ten votes outside of Podunk; in the next, that he was going to destroy the Republic and probably all humanity along with it. Senator Goldwater, however, was not listening to them, but to his own conscience and to the millions of his fellow citizens who feel that in the present time and circumstance his is the most effective public voice for their beliefs and hopes.

The ideologues have already uncovered the main tactic they will use to avoid the free and open dialogue of which they prate so fulsomely. When Goldwater undertakes, as he does and will, to discuss basic problems and issues, his words must be distorted, falsified, twisted into manifest errors and absurdities. If Goldwater says the steam plants that TVA now operates through a perversion of its historic intent should be sold to private industry, he must be made to appear to demand that the entire Tennessee Valley revert to its pre-TVA status. If Goldwater says the steeply progressive rates of the income tax law should be moderated in order to increase initiative, expand investment and promote economic growth, he must be made to appear to say that the entire tax system should be abolished and the government plunged into bankruptcy. If Goldwater suggests that supreme theater commanders should have the right to order the use of tactical nuclear weapons in accordance with military need, he must be made to appear to say that any officer above the rank of sergeant should be authorized to press the button that launches general nuclear war.

The distortion and downright lies will trouble the public air, but in the end will accomplish less than their purpose: and this is one key reason why it is so crucially important that Barry Goldwater is a formally declared and recognized major candidate for the Presidency. As a serious contestant for the highest political office in the world—and the seriousness is convincingly attested by the bitterness of the attacks—Goldwater's words and ideas, *and the words and ideas of the conservative movement for which he becomes the most conspicuous public spokesman,* cannot be ignored or dismissed. The citizens will hear them and will discuss them; and will discuss the words of the conservatives among their neighbors, for whom Goldwater's voice will have opened many otherwise closed ears and minds.

In this perspective, the Goldwater candidacy offers an unprecedented time of opportunity for all conservatives and indeed for all those who have honest doubts about the Liberal Establishment and the path on which it has been leading us. We can, if we take this offered chance, communicate with our fellow citizens more widely and fully than has been possible for a good many years; and in such communications all of us have much to learn if also something to teach. In this sense the Goldwater candidacy cannot lose, because the American conservative tradition, of which his candidacy is an expression, will be broadened, deepened, tested and further matured in the year that lies ahead. That it might also win the practical victory on November 3—as indeed it might—would be a happy bonus above and beyond what makes this job worth doing.

Missiles and Men

The political leverage Goldwater gains from his formal candidacy is perfectly illustrated by the effect of his statement in a New Hampshire interview that our intercontinental missiles may not be reliable. He has made this charge before; and since Senator Goldwater is also a Major General in the Air Force active reserve, a jet pilot, and a member of the Armed Services Committee—in each capacity privy to much technical and classified information—such a comment from him carries, objectively considered, unusual weight. As a matter of fact, the same point has been stated by a number of high-ranking officers and scientists. In the past there were no reverberations, but the same words uttered by a Senator who is seeking the Republican Presidential nomination resounded in front-page headlines. The

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charge was blanketed two days later by the Panama affair, but it will soon, and often, be heard again.

The problem of missile reliability is so highly technical and so shrouded in secrecy that it would be imprudent for outsiders to try to pronounce on it. Nevertheless there are presumptive indications supporting Goldwater's assertion. We *know,* in fact, that the liquid-fueled missiles (Atlas and Titan) are unreliable and probably useless for war purposes —above all for the "second strike" strategy to which we are committed—because they take too long even under ideal conditions to fuel up and get going. No missile has ever been tested complete with current types of warhead—and while the test ban lasts, cannot be. It is probably foolish, in any case, to argue directly from "successes" in carefully planned and re-planned flights under controlled test conditions to what might happen in a nuclear war. Some scientists believe it possible that a high-yield explosion above the ordinary atmosphere would wreck our controls and guidance systems. Let us add that no new major weapon has ever functioned in combat as it was expected to from experiment and tests, for which reason experienced commanders—unlike many theoreticians—never put full reliance on the untried. Actually, the most cogent support for Goldwater's skepticism came from the submarine *Nathan Hale* four days later: in a test firing of three Polaris missiles, two went sour.

Goldwater's positive conclusion is direct enough: that we must continue to maintain a varied mix of weapons, and that specifically we must for a considerable future include within it a sufficient fleet of manned and up-to-date bombers. If he is wrong, as all men can be, he has proposed the way to find out: through a thorough Senate inquiry, in which Mr. McNamara can state his case. This, we should not overlook, is a question on the answer to which our lives quite literally depend.

Lines Written on Learning That Harold E. Stassen May Once Again Seek the Republican Presidential Nomination

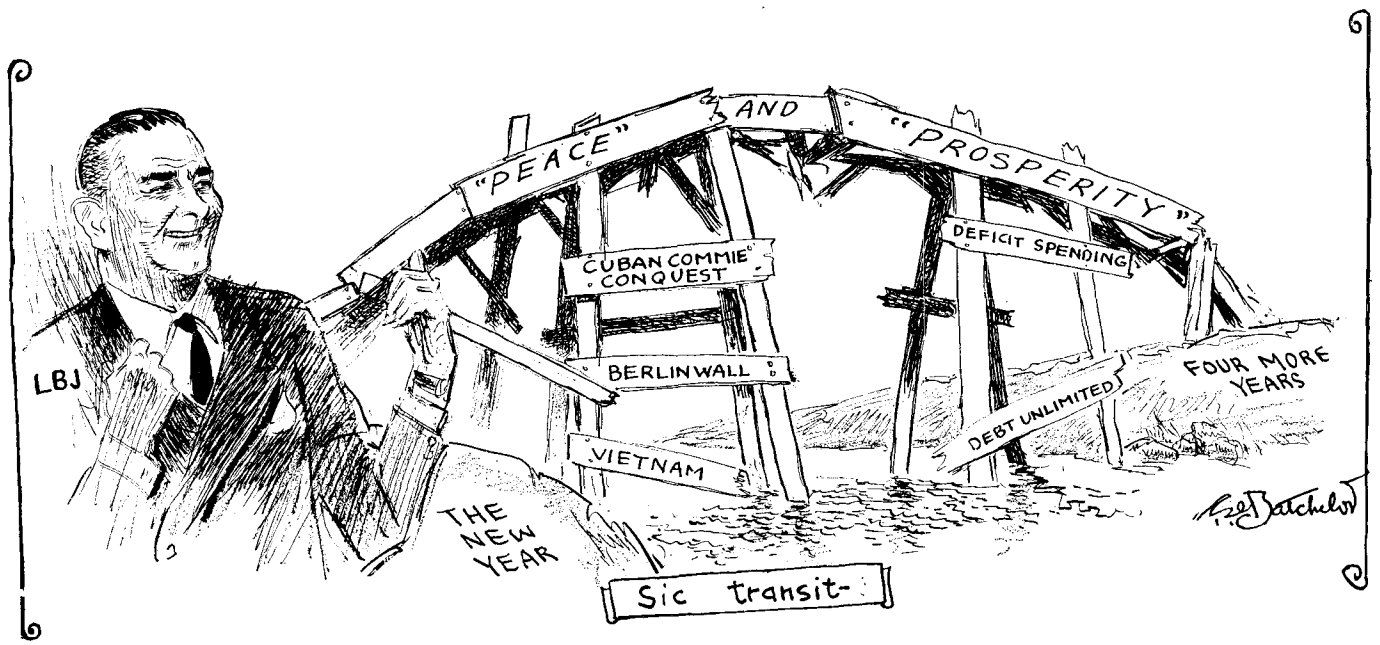
In India, before the British Raj
Brought civilized behavior to each shire,
No citizen attempted to dislodge
A widow from he husband's funeral pyre.
Likewise, the Eskimos retained a flair
For handling their elderly with thrift;
Instead of fretting over Medicare,
They set their senior citizens adrift.
While social legislation bars the way
From copying the aborigine,
Examples *are* extant to "fade away,"
Retaining vestiges of dignity.
So, Harold, before both of us go sour,
Why not retire to a Waldorf Tower?

W. H. VON DREELE

The Panama-Sofia-Etc. Lesson

Panama, of course, has blown up, and simmered down, and will blow up again, as long as the United States remains a paper tiger in its dealings with the intolerable Castro Cuba—or, for that matter, a paper tiger in its dealings with most of the world. The Panama lesson could be studied anywhere. To wit, Sofia.

On December 27 a mob of several thousand Bul-



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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Last week a couple of puffs from the secret tribal campfires of the GOP floated into view. If you can read smoke signals, have a crack at these: 1) GOP National Committee Chairman William Miller appointed Rep. Melvin Laird (Wis.) as temporary chairman of the platform-writing committee of the GOP Convention—and Laird, an expert on military affairs, is hardnosed on foreign policy as well as reliably conservative in domestic matters; 2) running the rounds in Committee coffee breaks: "Nelson Rockefeller is the only politician who ever contrived to make a liability out of motherhood."

♦ Rep. Don Bruce (R., Ind.) will run for the GOP senatorial nomination to oppose Sen. Vance Hartke. The Senate could use a Young Turk or two.

◆ In the couple of weeks since Senator Goldwater announced he'd run for the Presidential nomination, friend and foe have noticed squeaks in the Goldwater Machine. Press liaison, scheduling, travel details, and even briefings for the Senator have seemed to lack that definable something that oils the Rockefeller truck. But the trouble isn't generic. What we're seeing is the very beginning of a Presidential campaign. During the past year, when a great deal of organization work for Goldwater was performed by volunteers (amateur and pro), a lot of people assumed that Goldwater was playing along, quietly pulling the strings, and preparing for a smooth transition to personal command. Now the truth is out: the man really had stayed away from politicking. Incredible as it seems, the Goldwater campaign became a reality only a few days before the January announcement.

◆ New Yorkers who have wondered how to go to work for Goldwater can take their questions to the brand-new Goldwater State HQ in Room 3505, 122 East 42nd Street, NYC (MU 2-4767).

◆ Richard Nixon has been spotted in full spring plumage in recent weeks, migrating with a flock of influential (and Liberal) GOP birds, who seem to prefer those quiet feeding stations along the North (or golden) Shore of Long Island. One of his new friends chirped, "We're going to make the man President."

♦ The less enthusiasm the Democrats show for letting Sen. Clair Engle (Calif.) run for re-election, the easier the race looks to the GOP. Conservatives George Murphy (see Focus, Jan. 14) and Leland Kaiser have already announced; (conservative) Joe Shell and (Liberal) former Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco are taking soundings.

◆ When Gov. Scranton presented his combined messages on the Budget and the State of the Commonwealth to a joint session of the Pennsylvania legislature, he managed to get through a half-hour of oratory without drawing a hint of applause from floor or gallery. At least some sections of the Pennsylvania GOP might like him to run as favorite son from some other state (he's Connecticut-born, no native Pennsylvanian).

◆ The New York State GOP Committee gave a social lunch in Albany last week, having announced that no important business would come up. Several key counties were not represented. Without warning, a resolution praising Rockefeller as Presidential timber was read. No one seconded it. No vote was taken. Applause was thin. State GOP chairman Fred Young declared Rocky "unanimously endorsed" by the state committee, and the U.S. press duly reported the managed news. Open revolt is already reported in some counties, starting with Rockland.

◆ Notice the name of that "depressed area" town the President sent Lady Bird to, to comfort the unemployed and hungry inhabitants? "Scranton" was the way our paper printed it. Kind of fun of the President.

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garians rioted outside the United States Embassy in Sofia, threw rocks, smashed windows, beat up several embassy officials and overturned a number of cars. The incident was officially explained as resulting from spontaneous anger roused by revelations at the trial of I. K. Georgiev, alleged to have been a skirt-chasing spy on CIA's payroll. In fact, of course, the mob had been organized and directed by the Bulgarian Communist leaders. Washington, as usual, "protested vigorously." The *New York Times,* as usual, deplored the revival of "a Stalinist tinge" that might have the lamentable effect of souring the ever-sweetening relations between East and West.

To understand what is really going on, it is necessary to see both these affairs as merely more items in a series that goes back for many years. They continue the line of such recent incidents as the kidnaping of Colonel Chennault in Caracas, the blackmail kidnapings of the four U.S. officials in Bolivia, the riots directed against U.S. buildings and officials in Jakarta, the incarceration of Yale Professor Barghoorn, the publicized humiliations by the Vietcong of U.S. prisoners, the rude holdups of U.S. convoys on the Berlin highway. In some cases these incidents have a specific relation to a local or passing issue, but all of them, like their hundreds of predecessors during the postwar years, pursue a common objective that the Communists judge to be supremely important: to

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lower the prestige and psychological standing of this country, to expose the United States as a paper tiger whose tail may be twisted with impunity by any hoodlum, to teach both governments and masses everywhere, and especially in the underdeveloped regions, that no one has to fear reprisals from insults or injuries done to American property, symbols, institutions or citizens.

The lesson is being well and widely learned. Who will say, in the light of the shameful record, that it is a false teaching?

Demag., Tex.

The State of the Union message was short and sweet. Lyndon B. Johnson promised to do more for the students, the Negroes, the unemployed, the employed, the sick, the aged, the poor, and the citizens of Appalachia and Massachusetts—and, presumably, more still for any combination thereof.

Walter Lippmann caught the Spirit of the Message when he wrote with fierce eloquence, "the attack on poverty is a good cause." Sharpening his focus, he superposed, "the cause will be good for the poor whom it will benefit." However beguiling his frontal approach, Lippmann did provoke alarm by applauding LBJ for "taking advantage" of a "pause in the Cold War." When Mr. Lippmann discerns a pause in the Cold War, we had best keep our wits about us.

LBJ has taken advantage of said pause by ignoring the Cold War. While reciting a catalogue of the unsolved problems of the nation, he did not mention Communism or Communists, the principal contributors to the nation's insecurity. If only to appease the unreconstructed anti-Communist, or to preserve orderly thinking, or to lend symmetry to his anapaestic cadence, some mention would have seemed politic. A peace offensive, even, would have served to remind us that They exist.

The ballyhooed budget "cut" is a sham, and not even artfully contrived; the $97.9 billion *request* forecast for LBJ's budget is $500 million less than JFK's *expenditures* for last year—fiscal '64. *Actual appropriations* for last year totaled $92.4 billion. LBJ is, thus, asking Congress for a $5.5 billion increase.

The political focus of the Message was its "declaration of unconditional war on poverty," resounding as it did with echoes from Liberalism's past: Wilson, Roosevelt, Kennedy-Sorensen. Poverty, said LBJ, has declined some 13 per cent in the last thirty years (today, it is claimed, one-fifth of all American families are unable to "meet their basic needs"), but it remains the overriding problem of our affluent society. And this is the platform on which Mr. Johnson apparently intends to stand for election this year.

As he left the House chamber, LBJ kissed the outstretched hand of Mae Craig, for which he must be forgiven many of his sins.

"Do I look like the kind of guy who'd take a government handout?"

The Gods of Africa Smile on Brandeis

Brandeis U., not so long ago, conferred a doctorate of laws on Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda of Nyasaland. Recently the Assembly of Nyasaland passed a Local Courts Amendment Bill, debarring "legal representation in all local courts without the specific approval of the Minister of Justice." A week or so later an African police pensioner said something "disrespectful" about Dr. Banda and was sentenced to six months and fined £50. On appeal, imprisonment was extended to twelve months. Two Africans in Luchita got six months for refusing to buy Malawi Congress Party membership cards. And the "central executive" of the Malawi Congress Party has ordered the wife of the Minister of Labor not to drive for six months because she did not stop when Banda's car passed, a "gross breach of discipline." But the trustees of Brandeis were clearly over-

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whelmed by Dr. Banda, as are all who approach him, for instance Y. K. Chisiza, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labor, who recently addressed the Nyasaland Legislative Assembly as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, Sir . . . Sons and daughters of Malawi . . . Ngwazi has given me permission to speak to him, and through him to you. Are you with me? Here we go. Halleluja. Amen. You have done it. You have made it. It is real. It is true. Federation is dead—Kwacha! Forward we march, buttressed by a long tradition of courageous deeds, held together by an enduring patriotism, and a down-to-earth nationalism, led by dynamic Ngwazi Kamuzu Banda, the Lion of Malawi, Father and Founder of the Nation, Architect and Builder of the State—Dr. Kamuzu Banda. Inspired by the achievements and sacrifices of our heroes, determined to fight on the soil of Motherland freedom, we dedicate ourselves and Ngwazi to exerting all our efforts in order that Malawi, Motherland, shall bloom, in spite of the wounds inflicted on her by the Gorgon monster—Federation, alias Imperialism, alias Colonialism. Oh ye Gods of Africa, hear me! I have a message from Ngwazi Kamuzu Banda—hear me! Nineteen sixty-three goes into the annals of history with the soul, spirit and carcasses of the Gorgon Monster, Federation and the architects. Oh ye Gods of Africa, this time I have a message for you from Mother Africa, and this is, let the souls of those devils, Gorgon Monster and the architects, go to hell. Ngwazi Kamuzu Banda, whisper to me, Sir, do me that favor. Did you say that independence is just around the corner? Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. May I take the message over to the Gods of Africa? Very good, Sir. Ye Gods of Africa, I have got a message for you from Ngwazi Kamuzu Banda. He says independence is just around the corner. Oh what's that? Sir, the Gods of Africa told me that they already know the date and time, and on that day they will send to you the souls of all your sons and daughters who died in the service of Motherland."

Frank Hanighen, R.I.P.

One chapter in the career of Frank C. Hanighen was not mentioned in the obituaries following his sudden death on January 9; possibly because none of the writers knew of it, for it was brief.

Not long after the beginning of the Spanish Civil War the American organizations engaged in helping the Spanish Republic voted to set up in New York a news bureau through which the political parties on the government side would channel information to the American press. Hanighen agreed to head this bureau. But it happened—not by chance—that the committee named to set up and operate the bureau voted itself out of existence after turning over its responsibility to a new committee chosen by some of its members. That committee in turn voted itself out in favor of a smaller committee chosen by some of *its* members. The result of these ingenious purges was that Hanighen suddenly found himself expected to work for a committee interested only in news managed along the Communist Party line. He walked out, and the whole thing shortly blew up. That was the thing Hanighen did that caused the Communists to dislike Frank Hanighen.

Frank Hanighen was a tall, blond, quiet man, with a quiet humor and a skeptical glint in his eye. A man not easily taken in. He was an able and experienced journalist: back in the '30s and early '40s he served as a foreign correspondent for various newspapers. He was the author or co-author of a number of books—among them the best-selling *Merchants of Death* in 1934. But he began his most distinguished and enduring contribution to American journalism in 1944 when, in collaboration with Felix Morley, and with the help of one secretary, he put together and sent to 127 people the first issue of the Washington weekly newsletter, *Human Events*.

It is a commentary not only on Hanighen's ability and integrity (and his vast circle of friends in the capital) but also on the failure of the numerous and extensive Washington press corps that *Human Events* became for a constantly growing number of readers a searchlight playing on a Washington scene which without it would have been almost completely shrouded in the fog of Liberal journalism. For many years *Human Events* was pretty much a one-man job, Frank Hanighen's job, but by the time of his death two weeks ago the publication he had founded so modestly almost twenty years ago had a circulation of more than 100,000, a sizable staff and a new format that is featuring the columns of such writers as John Chamberlain, Morrie Ryskind, Victor Lasky, Henry J. Taylor and Victor Riesel. We who were his friends mourn the loss of a citizen and good companion, and rejoice that his journal, under the leadership of his friend and collaborator James Wick, survives him.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

GOLDWATER v. JOHNSON
by Ralph de Toledano

BEHIND THE CANAL DISPUTE
by Edwin McDowell

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Goldwater and the Soviet Union

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Now that Mr. Goldwater has formally declared his candidacy the brass knuckles are officially on and the roughhousing has begun, God help him. God help him and so will I, and so will others, because we believe in him, believing as we do that radical alterations in American policy are in order if the United States is going to survive in freedom's holy light. So begin at the beginning.

Buckley

In "Meet the Press" a fortnight ago, Mr. Goldwater's first public encounter since declaring his candidacy, the interrogators, faithful to their line of duty, threw at Goldwater some of the very toughest questions. The very first of them was the question of the recognition of the USSR.

One seldom has the opportunity, on a rapid-fire quiz program, to outline a position in depth. One of Senator Goldwater's many problems is that his principles require him to challenge deeply rooted constructs.

Concerning foreign policy, it is the almost unanimous view of our governors of opinion that the diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union is absolutely essential to any hopes we have to iron out our difficulties with the Soviet Union, other than by war. Better jaw jaw, said Churchill, than war war. Granted.

But does that make the case for recognition manifest? I do not believe so. It is important to understand that the withdrawal of recognition does not presuppose a refusal to parley with the enemy.

In January of 1961, a few days before Mr. Kennedy was sworn in as President, Mr. Eisenhower withdrew diplomatic recognition from Cuba. And he did so, moreover, only after getting from President-elect Kennedy his approval of that decision. The Administration has not, since that time, reversed itself. Mr. Kennedy never proposed, nor has Mr. Johnson, that we reverse our position and recognize Red Cuba—and there has been no significant hue and cry over the matter, notwithstanding that Cuba has been and continues in the forefront of our foreign policy concerns. Why do we refuse to recognize Cuba—or Red China, for that matter—and cavil at the proposal that we withdraw recognition from the Soviet Union, which is the fountainhead of our, and the free world's, difficulties?

Our failure to recognize Cuba and China does not mean that we refuse to negotiate with them. Mr. Walter Robertson, for years the State Department official in charge of Far Eastern Affairs, once reminded critics of our policy on China that during the period of non-recognition from 1950 to 1957, we had on 54 occasions met with Red Chinese officials to discuss matters of mutual concern. We are constantly exchanging communications of one sort or another with Mr. Castro: sometimes directly, sometimes through intermediaries; through the Swiss Embassy at Havana, directly at the United Nations, unofficially through the lawyer, Mr. James Donovan; so that we have not, on account of non-recognition, suffered from the lack of essential liaison.

We could, even without ambassadors in Moscow, commune at our convenience with the Russian leaders, as Messrs. Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover did.

What we accomplish, by withdrawing recognition, is an act of dignity, whose meaning in political warfare—and that, let us hope, is the only kind of warfare we shall have to wage against the Soviet Union—is very significant. As recently as a fortnight ago Mr. Khrushchev sent to Mr. Johnson a communication so rude in spirit, so cynical in its statement of historical reality, so impudent in its distortions, that the only proper attitude towards it was to throw it, conspicuously, in the wastepaper basket. And how refreshing it would be if, to underline our disdain for the Communists' contempt for truth, we had recalled our ambassador and announced our determination not to send him back again until a primitive respect for diplomatic behavior had been learned by the rulers of the Soviet Union.

Senator Goldwater's intuition is sound. Why, he asks in effect, maintain diplomatic relations with a world power expressly determined to bury us? Must we be on good terms with our avowed assassin? I do not fear, any more than Senator Goldwater does, the seductiveness of the Communists in our midst: the American people will turn them down so long as the memory of freedom stirs within us. But we can falter if we conspire to obscure reality, for we can be lulled into that soporific mindlessness which causes us to forget; to forget what it is we have to fear, namely, the hard, imperialist ambition of the Communists. The kind of thing the wretched Cubans failed to keep their eyes on, at a time when they cozied up to Castro, and let him, before they knew it, impose the Soviet system upon them. Any diplomatic or symbolic act that encourages reality is intellectually and morally imperative. Mr. Goldwater's instincts are sound when they lead him to the position that a proud and free people have no business trading in the unction of ritual diplomacy with a government intent on destroying us.

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Am I Conservative?

The Greenwich Village atheist rides again: asking whether the conservative movement isn't becoming too damned Godly?

MAX EASTMAN

I find myself somewhat bewildered in the Babel of Labels that prevails since "Liberals" went in for the all-powerful state and "conservatives" came out for individual liberty. The Liberals want state power in order to promote "welfare," and the conservatives want freedom in order to cultivate "virtue." So at least Frank Meyer informs us [*NR*, Sept. 25, 1962]. "Freedom," he says, "is by itself without content or purpose if the existence of an objective moral order which men should strive to understand and move toward is not accepted." The content and purpose of freedom, to my mind, is to let men accept what appeals to them, and live their lives as they want to, so long as they do not encroach injuriously upon the lives of others. To advocate freedom, and then lay down the law as to how men "should" use it, is a contradiction in terms. It's a reversion, not to classic liberalism, but to pre-liberal ecclesiastical authoritarianism—or what is left of it. I don't strive to understand an objective moral order or move toward it, because I don't think any such objective moral order exists. To me all such talk is pedantic pulpiteering, and as a profession of belief in individual freedom it is insincere and untrustworthy.

I find still less acceptable, from the standpoint of a real belief in freedom, a sermon by Brent Bozell which preceded this Meyerly pronouncement [*NR*, Sept. 11, 1962]. Under the title "To Magnify the West" [*NR*, April 24, 1962], Bozell took a more explicit step back toward the authoritarianism of the church.

"We of the Christian West," he informs us, "owe our identity to the central fact of history—the entry of God onto the human stage. . . . Our commission is to plant in history the ideals and the standards contained in Christian truth—and to build institutions and foster mores that will help to sustain these ideals: in short, to build a Christian civilization."

To my mind the struggle both against Communism, and against the less explicit tendencies toward a controlling super-state, is a worldwide struggle. To regard it as a Christian struggle seems to me parochial and self-defeating. There are in the world approximately 820 million professing Christians, as against two billion who profess other faiths or none at all. If it is the Christian West, and not the free world, you are defending, how can we trust your motives in defending the French—for example—against the FLN, which happens to be Moslem? Or to generalize the question: Can a political group of men who

Max Eastman

"owe their identity to the central fact of history—the entry of God onto the human stage" (not to their *belief* that this unusual thing happened—that would suggest tolerance—but to "the fact," take it or leave it) . . . can such a group be trusted, in any crisis whatever, to defend the interests of a world the immense majority of whom do not identify themselves with such a "fact," and would as a mere matter-of-course deny it to be a fact? To me it seems obvious that they can not be so trusted. What are they going to do, when the battle is won, with those millions in the army of freedom who do not wish, in eluding the dogmas of Marxism-Leninism, to become entangled in the dogmas of a Christian church? It would be too long a step, perhaps, in the direction in which they are going to burn these heretics at the stake.

I happen myself to think that, in their attempt to work out a guiding set of precepts for a good life in this world without the concept of God, or the appeal to any supernatural authority—in that trait and all its consequences—both Buddha and Confucius were wiser than Jesus. Their present-day followers, I believe, are equally, and in the long run perhaps more effectively, opposed to the Marxian religion of fratricidal war. This perhaps makes me especially sensitive to the parochialism of an attempt to identify the struggle for a free world with the propaganda of theism in any form, and above all in the elaborate forms to be found in the creeds of the Christian churches, whether Catholic or Protestant. Are we in truth thinking about a free world, or just a relatively small Christian corner of it?

Even in that corner, it is, I think, a naive blunder to confuse the defense of downright freedom of thought and action in this world with a community of belief about another world. When Barry Goldwater lays it down as one of his "American Principles" that a "government or political system which seeks to level all men to a common standard of achievement by penalizing ability, initiative and thrift is guilty of opposing God's will," I wonder how any informed person can fail to recall the atrocities committed throughout history by those claiming to represent God's will? Does the Senator seriously mean to exclude from his following those who have learned that the source of our freedoms is the

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heroic struggle of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors to win them from kings and barons — God-fearing Christians on both sides—and make them secure?

The important thing to say about freedoms, when calling men to their defense, is that far from being a general gift of God they are an extremely rare achievement of human will and intelligence. They are as rare in history as gold in a slagpile. That is why we must defend them, not only against those who would rob us of them, but against those who in ignorant benevolence, or visionary inattention to fact, would trample them out of sight.

Christians as Anti-Communists

In a recent column my esteemed friend Wm. F. Buckley Jr. made a last-ditch effort to establish a connection between theistic belief and thoroughgoing anti-Communism. While admitting that "atheists" can be anti-Communists, he asserted that they are "less likely than Christians (or any other religious people) to put up the only kind of fight that is truly relevant in the age of the atom." His reason was that "a Christian views the experience of man on earth as transitory and so is less likely to attach the highest value to earthly things."

As freedom on earth is an earthly thing, the logical inference from this statement is that Christians will not put up the best possible fight for freedom. And that, I think, is true. The influence of the Christian religion, which plays up such notions as getting into Heaven by loving your enemy on earth is, in my opinion, among the major causes of our "soft" policy toward the Bolsheviks. Eleanor Roosevelt's "If we trust them, maybe they will trust us," was a word right out of the mouth of her Sunday School teacher. The memorable statement of J. B. Matthews that the Christian clergy were giving more help to the Communists than any other profession in America, though undiplomatic at the moment, was true. And it was not accidental. Those ministers were sincere in the belief that the world could be saved by a policy of love and brotherly good will.

I wonder how, on his assumptions, Mr. Buckley explains the fact so well reported in every issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW—that the atheistic Communists have been putting up a better fight, and where not a fight, a more recklessly courageous bluff, than the theistic Christians. Can it be that the dream of an earthly paradise to be enjoyed by others is a stronger fighting motive than a concern for one's own entry into Heaven? That seems doubtful to me. I think that if their dream makes the Communist leaders fight better, it is because they more earnestly, and with downright realistic force, believe in it. The Marxian religion, with its armor of obscurity and its pretense to be the last word of science, takes firmer hold of a groping mind in this skeptical age than the primitive myths preserved by the churches. It has this advantage, too, that it contains the assurance—if you can only "understand the dialectic"—of ultimate victory. And that assurance is what makes good fighters. That is what Alexander instilled in his soldiers, and Caesar, and Napoleon, and (until he was conquered by his own lunacy) Adolf Hitler.

The Hebrew God worshipped by the Christians used to give His followers this assurance, but He doesn't any longer. We have preserved the ritual of prayers to Him, but little of the primitive belief that, if the ritual is properly performed, He will fight on our side in battle. There are millions, or course, who do believe this, but not many, I think, among the leaders, intellectual or political. Most of them are "believers," to be sure, but *being a believer* is a matter of status and attachments in this world—a different thing from inwardly and in a practical sense believing that one's destiny is of concern to a deity in some other. I speak from a considerable acquaintance both with Bolsheviks and Christians when I say that Bolsheviks believe in their religion of dialectic evolution—and the morals of crime and treachery it inculcates—with a more tense and energizing belief than that of most Christians in their God. As a dialectical materialist you can still be a bigot, but bigotry is going out of fashion among Christians. When Bukharin said: "We must be ruthless because the sword of history is in our hands," he was expressing an emotion not unlike that of Oliver Cromwell when, having massacred some sixty thousand Irishmen, he described his deeds as "the fruit of the Divine Will." They were both appealing for justification, the one to a Divine Being, the other to "Being as Becoming," but Cromwell's appeal sounds naive and presumptuous today, whereas Bukharin's sounds—or can be made to sound by a skilled "dialectician"—like the sober deliverance of a scientific philosophy of history.

I am afraid I have strayed a little, under the influence of Buckley's newspaper column, from the question I set out to ask, but not to the point of no return. It was a question of the name for my opinion. I think that Marxian Communism is in the most vital sense a religion (I have explained this in my book *Marxism, Is It Science?*). It is a religion in which, as it looks to me, the saints are better equipped than the saints of Christianity to win a war, whether cold or hot. I also think that the future—if there is a future—will belong to those who have abandoned every unverifiable faith, every pretense to support their struggle toward a goal by any argument but the values of the goal. It will belong to those who accept the Golden Rule of Science: *Keep clear the distinction between what you know and what you don't know, and when you don't know something, speak the simple words, "I do not know."*

Whether a person, because his goal is freedom for every individual, ensured by the market economy, and protected against the incursions of an overgrown state, can be called conservative—this is my question. Or does that word, in its present use, imply an emotional turning back on all subjects, to Edmund Burke, and beyond Burke to the Middle Ages?

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Jan. 14, 1964)

Longfellow:
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Borne on the night wind of the Past, through all our history, to the last, in the hour of darkness, and peril, and need, the people will waken and listen to hear the hurrying hoofbeats of that steed, and the midnight message of Paul Revere.

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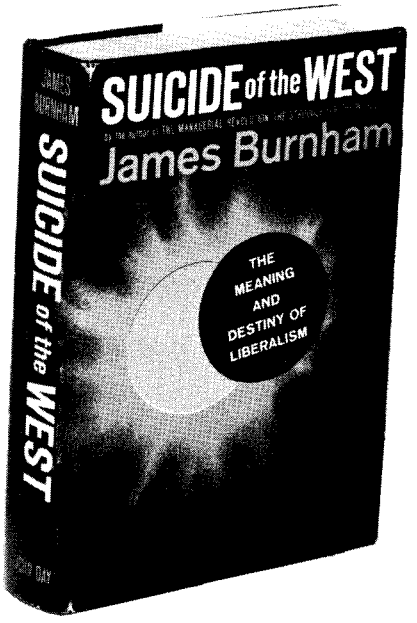
Here is how you can be among the first to own the most important new book in years

Don't miss your opportunity to get this brilliant new volume by National Review's James Burnham at a special pre-publication price that will save you* $3.00 *on a book you will want to own*

"Suicide of the West" will make it plain to you — as no other book has ever done — why we are losing, and why our civilization will most probably be destroyed if we do not rid ourselves of a Liberal leadership that is incapable of defeating America's enemies: moral decay at home and the Communist threat abroad. Read all about it.



THERE could be no more vital moment for this explosive and revealing new book. You will talk about it, quote from it, and recommend it to your friends hundreds of times between now and the crucial election this November. Never before have you read such a straightforward and *factual* description of *why* this is America's time of decision, why failure to change course *now* will be disastrous.

But don't expect a bitter, negative book: Burnham dedicates it to "all liberals of good will," whom he asks, in persuasive and positive language, to join the struggle to save Western civilization.

Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this book:

Who Are The Liberals?

Burnham paints a vivid picture of the modern Liberal — and shows how and why so many prominent people in our society fit the portrait (even though some would deny it). You'll find both familiar and surprising names here.

Is The "Good Society" Dangerous?

The Liberal is never more fuzzy-minded than when talking about his ideal world. Burnham shows why this is so: why dangerously mistaken ideas about human nature and political reality make today's Liberal incapable of fashioning a society strong enough to survive!

Does Ideology Make Sense?

This chapter may well make *you* uncomfortable. In it, Burnham shows how millions, including many conservatives, have come to accept as fact the attitudes and platitudes of Liberal ideology which the hard facts of history have shown to be myths.

More, you will find a questionnaire, to test your friends (or yourself!), that contains a sure-fire method of separating ideologues from realists. This test is so simple that you will pay it the highest possible compliment: "Why didn't I think of that!"

Why Is The West Losing?

This seminal book contains so many ideas it is difficult to describe them adequately, but you will probably find most interesting those chapters dealing with the terribly swift decline of the Western world, such as:

1) **The Contraction of the West** — why a glance at the map will show that silly talk about "winning the peace" is a cover-phrase for the obvious and rapid retreat of Western power and influence;

2) **The Drift of U.S. Foreign Policy** — if you have ever asked yourself, Do we *have* a foreign policy, this remarkable analysis will give you the answer — Yes, we have *three* foreign policies, all conflicting, with none given the priority necessary to avoid chaos;

3) **The Function of Liberalism** — here the author, after presenting his case with compelling authority, asks the most vital question of all — is Liberalism destined to preside over the decline and fall of the West?

"James Burnham has written the book about Liberalism for which the world has been aching. It is worth more to the West than the year's gross national product, more than all our planes and bombs — with all of these, we have still been losing out in the world. But this book is not only a pathologist's report. It gives the key for the recovery of the West." — Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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The Third World War

'I Will Eat You'

JAMES BURNHAM

It must be said for the conquerors of our age that they have been frank enough. Lenin, Stalin, Hitler and Nasser wrote it all out ahead of time. Khrushchev is not much of an author, but the phrasing of his burial promise is a marvel of clarity. Bung Sukarno carries on the candid tradition with his pledge: "We will devour Malaysia."

Conquerors have healthy appetites; and, naturally, the bigger they grow the more nourishment they need. In no time at all they have swallowed the Saar, the Balts or Tibet and are starved for the next course. Sukarno belched once or twice after gobbling Sumatra, the Celebes and the Moluccas, but they didn't damp down his digestive juices. He ordered West New Guinea and we rushed to heap it on his plate. How long did we suppose that would keep him chewing? Before a man can say "decolonization" he is shouting for Malaysia and hurry it up, boy, I'm used to quick service. Does anyone think he doesn't mean it?

Most of the new nations are historical, political and economic absurdities, mere passing byproducts of the speeding disintegration of the West. Indonesia has a more serious potential. Its 3,000 constituent islands, stretching in an equatorial band 1,000 miles wide and 3,000 miles long, have a population of about 100 million, more than half concentrated in Java, Sukarno's base of operation. Indonesia's resources are substantial: a very rich soil, especially in Java: tin (world's second ranking producer); petroleum; copra (world's first in export); tobacco (second in export); spices (85 per cent of world's pepper); kapok (first); coffee ("Java," indeed) and tea (third producer in both); rubber (35 per cent of world production); sugar (second producer); coal; some gold.

The central mountain spine of Sumatra and Java continues the extension of the Himalayan system running through Burma and Malaya: the Borneo and Celebes mountains are part of the great system that comes down the Pacific from Kamchatka through Japan and the Philippines. Thus "Maphilindo"—the federation of Malaysia, the Philippine Republic and Indonesia—has a physical basis, and this has in the past found political expression. From the seventh to the ninth centuries, Srivijaya, the empire of Sailendras—a ruling house of the Indian invaders who spread throughout Southeast Asia and the Archipelago—dominated most of Southeast Asia from Sumatra as headquarters. The Majapahit empire of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries centered, like Sukarno's, in Java, and included Borneo and most of the Philippine Islands. The new Malaysian Federation is geographically an artificial creation—a watery analogue of Pakistan—and Sukarno does have some foundation in both geographical and historical precedents for his current imperial policy.

Pull of the Vacuum

The decisive factors are more recent and more obvious: the disintegration of Western power within the entire region, and the gathering weight of China suspended above it. Britain has withdrawn from all but Malaysia. Sukarno himself drove out the Dutch. Ho Chi-minh smashed the French. American power, in the primary form of sea-air power, which flowed into the vacuum and set up local bases in Japan, the Ryukyus, Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand, is eroding from a combination of military, political and moral attack and internal decay.

In politics it is never possible to stand still: you must always move, back if not forward, down if not up. Macapagal, looking at South Vietnam and remembering Cuba, must begin to cut his too close ties to Washington. Sukarno, noting that the West cannot (apparently) handle the South Seas, will have to see whether *he* can. And cluttering remnants like Malaysia and Portuguese Timor will have to be cleared out.

Is an independent Indonesian empire of the South Seas possible? Not really, in this epoch at any rate. Sukarno is at least as much the victim as the master of the circumstances in which he finds himself. His navy is by now one of the world's largest and may be rather formidable: island peoples make good sailors. His army, with its paratroopers and guerrilla units, is a substantial force. He will probably knock out Malaysian Borneo (Sabah and Sarawak), perhaps even Singapore and the Peninsula. But Sukarno's economic, technological and cultural base is too primitive to permit him to pursue an independent world strategy. He can seem to do so only because he is in reality balancing precariously between Moscow and Peking, Moscow and Washington, Washington and Peking.

Polycentric Commissar

Sukarno is an Indonesian nationalist and imperialist, not a Communist. But it is possible that he sees Indonesia's future as a more or less autonomous regional power within a polycentric Communist world. That might explain his complacent acceptance of the huge Indonesian Communist Party and at the same time his intransigence towards Malaysia. Otherwise, you would think he might figure: if I devour Malaysia, doesn't that make it all the easier for Mao and the PCI to devour *me*?

As its land position crumbles throughout Southeast Asia, the West, so very nearly paralyzed from defect of will, begins at least a symbolic response. The Joint Chiefs announce the wish to send a task force into the Indian Ocean. The new Navy Secretary, Paul Nitze, follows up in a speech to naval and marine officers on January 9: "There is a power vacuum in the Indian Ocean. . . . We have the challenge of determining whether it is feasible and possible to acquire base rights to support permanent or temporary deployment in that area." An ironic tinge, perhaps: to dream of new bases in the Indian Ocean when we can't defend those we have in the Caribbean.

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Ohio and Governor Rhodes

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Will Gov. James Rhodes throw his support to Barry Goldwater? He's not ready to yet, says the author, and asks: just how conservative is he, anyhow?

Politics is power, and if you're interested in Republican politics in Ohio you need only stand on a street corner in downtown Columbus to have all the major power centers in sight. From the northwest corner of Capitol Square you can look across a spacious reach to the State House where, on the ground floor (fourth window from the left), you can see the office of Governor James A. Rhodes, Republican, the man of mystery, the arch-conservative who won't come out for Goldwater, the fabulous vote-getter, the ambitious young pro. One block east, behind the Capitol and looming above it, is the main office of the *Columbus Dispatch*, whose gigantic electric sign ("Ohio's Greatest Home Newspaper") reminds you of the stories you have heard about the critical support Governor Rhodes has received from the powerful *Dispatch*.

Just north of you are GOP state headquarters, home base of State Chairman Ray Bliss. On the other side of the street are the offices of Bill Schneider, Franklin County GOP chairman. A hundred paces south is the Neil House hotel, its marquee proudly sporting a twelve-foot-long sign: OHIOANS FOR GOLDWATER.

The decisions that are being made around the square these days will have national overtones.

Rhodes began to attract attention in 1960, running for re-election as State Auditor, when he carried Ohio by an incredible 700,000 votes (Nixon's margin: 200,000). In 1962 he defeated the incumbent Governor Mike DiSalle by 550,000, and ran on a platform of thrift and soundness in state finance. He has attracted national attention by the way he has taken hold of the office of governor. Jack Steele, the Scripps-Howard political reporter, said of Rhodes last March: "His economies already have shaken this state's government to its foundations—and made Rhodes the darling of conservatives, and taxpayers, across the country. In only eight weeks in the governor's chair, he has ordered 7,000 state employees cut from the payroll, imposed a 9.1 per cent cut in funds of all state departments, dropped $120 million of state-financed projects, and even sliced relief and welfare funds."

Governor Rhodes has gained notice, too, for personal traits that many people take as symbols. He works in his shirtsleeves, in an office without rug or drapes, offering visitors a hunk of hoarhound candy from a box on his beat-up old desk, using a Ford instead of the Chrysler Imperial that Mike DiSalle used, blacking out

DiSalle's name and printing his own on 45,000 sheets of leftover gubernatorial letterhead.

Yet he troubles many Ohio conservatives, and not alone because of his frigid refusal to support Goldwater.

He was born in Jackson County, Ohio in 1909, the son of a Welsh coal miner. His father died of influenza when Jimmy was eight years old, and the boy began a long series of after-school jobs (he was a school janitor at eleven) to help his mother and sisters keep the home going. In 1930, at twenty-one, he hitched a ride (to save carfare) to Columbus and enrolled in the school of journalism at Ohio State University. On campus he organized the Governor's Club and the Young Republicans, helped elect beauty queens, and got his first taste of politicking: he was elected "Mayor" of "University City"—a mock government run by the students. The Great Depression arrived; Rhodes quit college, but stuck with his politicking. By 1933 he was a precinct captain. By 1962 he had climbed the ladder—rung by rung—to the governor's chair.

Politics is his life. He is the only major politician in the country who has worked his way up, step by step, all the way from precinct work. He lays claim to no personal political machine. Indeed, the newspaper morgue discloses hints, here and there, of a long-standing friction between James Rhodes and the Ohio GOP. In 1950 he blasted GOP leadership. He was promptly denied a seat at the speakers' table for the McKinley Day dinner in Dayton. He declared himself "shocked" at such treatment, ate instead at the hotel coffee shop—and got headlines.

Such strained relations appear to have persisted into the most recent gubernatorial campaign. In October 1961 the GOP held a fund-raising affair in Cleveland, where 2,500 Republicans gathered to kick off the campaign for the governorship. The decision to support Rhodes wasn't made, apparently, until a few moments before the dinner, at a caucus that must have had its share of difficult moments. Party leaders were cool. One report says that Ray Bliss, the GOP State Chairman, spoke at the dinner but "carefully steered clear of any commitment. He called Rhodes a party stalwart who had

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worked to help build the party at the state level. Conspicuously absent from the speakers' platform was former U.S. Senator John W. Bricker. He had begged off because of a last-minute change in plans."

How is Governor Rhodes getting along with the GOP these days—whose delegation to San Francisco he will dispose of, in behalf of himself as a favorite son? I went to see Ray Bliss's right-hand man, Jack Flanagan, a friendly and corpulent gentleman who gave every evidence of enjoying a successful and satisfactory political situation.

"If Rhodes leads a favorite-son delegation to the 1964 Convention, and if the Goldwater movement tries to oppose him, what," I asked, "would be the effect on the Ohio GOP?"

"Chaos," said Mr. Flanagan, matter-of-factly.

Visit to the State House

The State House is 1838 Greek Revival. It sits in the center of the square on a foundation measuring 304 feet by 184. The walls of the great rotunda are lined with tall glass cases holding the regimental colors of the 531 units of Ohio men who have fought in every war, starting with the Mexican War. Enter: turn left: down the steps: first door on the left: Office of the Governor. The coat rack has three shelves above it for hats. Each shelf has a little sign glued to it: "Let's Make Saving Contagious!"

Governor Rhodes met me at the door of his office, in his celebrated shirtsleeves. He gave me a quick smile and a handshake, steered me into the office, and closed the door behind us, sat down at his Beat-Up Old Desk and reached a hand into a tin can at the side. "Care for some hoarhound candy?"

Why was he opposed to Goldwater, I wondered—and raised the right-to-work issue, which many observers blamed for Bricker's defeat in 1958. I asked the Governor if that was so.

"That's right. It was directly responsible for his defeat."

How did he stand on the question of compulsory unionism—did he personally favor right-to-work legislation?

"I don't favor it for the state of Ohio," said the Governor. "Besides, the people have spoken. They defeated the proposal overwhelmingly. It's a dead issue."

Senator Goldwater takes much the same position, I reminded him—(the Governor raised his eyebrows)—"he says the issue is one that ought to be decided by state, and not by federal legislation."

"Well, that's what we did here. The people have decided. That's good enough for me."

If Senator Goldwater's views on the subject are so close to his own, then the right-to-work issue wouldn't hurt him in Ohio?

"Well now," said the Governor, "you're getting into questions of national politics, and I want to say I'm the Governor of this State" (he slapped the flat of his hand on the desk) "and there's plenty for me to do right here. I don't mess around in national politics."

Did that mean he would leave national political questions to the Ohio Republican Party and its chairman, Mr. Ray Bliss?

The Governor seemed disconcerted by that question. He waved his right arm in a wide circle above his head, gesturing to the four corners of the room. After he had paused a moment, he said, "Oh, to *any*body. *Any*body. Anybody wants to worry about those things, let 'em go ahead."

Obviously, communications between the Capitol and the State GOP are not as sweet as hoarhound candy.

How seriously, everyone wonders, is one to take Governor Rhodes' statement that he is only interested in serving as Ohio's governor, and nothing more? Probably not very much, to judge from the political rule: which Rhodes himself has frequently practiced as when, back in 1951, as the Mayor of Columbus, he disclaimed any interest in a higher office.

So when Governor Rhodes taps his pipe in the wastebasket and tells you he's just the governor of Ohio, you naturally wonder. Washington seems to fascinate him. There was his executive order, issued shortly after his inauguration, prohibiting out-of-state "junkets" by state officials. Then there was his visit to Washington last November 25 when, along with thirty other governors, he met with the newly installed President Lyndon Johnson. There he was, James Rhodes, only ten feet from the President, sitting in the front row of governors, leaning forward earnestly, pipe in hand. I asked the Governor what he had said to David Scull, the GOP State Chairman of Maryland who had invited him to enter the Maryland Presidential primary. "I told him no. I said no to West Virginia too. I've said no to them all. Three or four states have asked. I don't know how many. I don't remember their names. I let the outer office handle those things." I asked one of Governor Rhodes's staff if he'd be willing to go to Washington with Rhodes: "It would be all right; I've talked it over with my wife."

Late in 1951 a reporter for the *Columbus Dispatch* started covering the mayor's movements rather closely, Rhodes having got some favorable national publicity for the job he was doing in Columbus. The reporter, Dean Jauchius, was obviously friendly, and knew his man well—well enough to have a little fun at his expense, in a long and charming sketch of Rhodes published a week before the next election: "During these latter years," Jauchius wrote after surveying Rhodes's political career up to 1951, "Rhodes has worked long hours at improving himself. . . . Much of his effort has been on improving his English. In the earlier days, he won his elections, but often left the English language bruised and bleeding. In recent years, it gets its lumps with declining frequently."

In 1959 Dean Jauchius moved across the street from the *Dispatch* to the Capitol, where he was given a spot in the division of turnpike audits (audits: Auditor: see?). And lo and behold, in 1959 State Auditor James Rhodes turns out to be a published author!—*The Trial of Mary Todd Lincoln,* by James Rhodes and Dean Jauchius. Later that year the team of Rhodes & Jauchius published a historical novel, *Johnny Shiloh.* By late 1963 Dean Jauchius was on the staff of Governor Rhodes as Administrative Assistant, writing letters in perfect English.

Bold and Imaginative

It was certainly a professional phrase-maker who helped Rhodes prepare a series of leaflets he issued during his campaign for the governorship. One of the most important was "A Program for New Jobs and Industrial Development in Ohio." The leaflet is alive with familiar rhetoric: "a bold and imaginative plan of ac-

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tion is needed . . . aggressive leadership . . . the governor's attitude must be positive . . . we must have positive and dynamic leadership in the State House . . . we must create this bold and imaginative program. . . ."

That theme crops up in "A Program for Public Education in Ohio" too: ". . . it is obvious, therefore, that we must press ahead aggressively with the technical training institute districts, and that we must provide increased quantity and aggressiveness in guidance counseling all along the line."

Candidate Rhodes also issued "A Blueprint for Brainpower: A Program for Higher Education in Ohio," which "represents a positive approach to the problems of higher education in Ohio."

From "A Program for a Youth Commission for Ohio": ". . . bold, clear, and specific programs . . . no problem of state government is so difficult that it cannot be solved. . . ."

From "A Program for Golden Age Villages for Ohio" (old folks' homes): ". . . a bold and imaginative program . . . I sincerely believe that this program would provide the dramatic demonstration which is now needed to show the nation [why the nation?] that Ohio is truly interested in treatment programs and patient care . . . bold and imaginative leadership . . ."

Etc., etc.

Rhetoric and the Record

If these campaign documents are to be taken seriously, they may be regarded as flowing from a philosophy of government that is not basically conservative. The rhetoric is to begin with that of the strong-man, who assumes it is government's province to manage the affairs of the people, and *his* province to manage the affairs of the government. Perhaps the affinity to the 1960 campaign style of the late John Kennedy is not accidental. Last March, in his address to the Ohio legislature, Governor Rhodes echoed one of Kennedy's most famous phrases: "[It is] . . . vital to get Ohio moving ahead . . . we must develop our economy and get it moving . . ."

Campaign phrases aside, how has Governor Rhodes done since he took office? Did he cut 7,000 state employees from the payroll? Total Ohio state employment was 53,411 last July 31, only slightly down from 55,636 a year earlier and 56,767 two years earlier (I quote statistics from the Ohio Department of Personnel, as published in the *Columbus Dispatch*, August 21, 1963). It is true that the Rhodes administration chopped several thous-

and people from the payroll. But it is apparently true that many of them were replaced.

I asked Governor Rhodes whether the stories of his deep cuts in state personnel were true.

"Yes," said the Governor, "we have cut about five thousand."

But the state personnel records seem to show only a drop of about two thousand in the year ending July 31?

"I haven't seen the figures," said the Governor, who was State Auditor for ten years.

Has he dropped $120 million of state-financed projects? Yes. But the Rhodes administration has put through a $250 million bond issue, and there's another wallop of about $500 million for highway construction the people will vote on in May.

What was the state's total outstanding debt?

"It depends on how you figure it. Some people might count debt whatever is out, but if it's tied to certain programs, then it's not debt of the whole state. We have a debt limit of $750,000 under the law of 1803."

Is the rest in special revenue bonds?

"Yes."

In what amount?

"Oh," said the Governor, "it's—I haven't seen the figures—it's about half a billion."

Which means that the Rhodes administration, before it has been in office one year, intends to double the outstanding state debt. I asked the Finance Director, Richard Krabach (pronounecd CRAYbaw), a calm and widely respected gentleman who possesses an accounting degree as well as a law degree, what all this means. "It's a matter of definition," he said. "Naturally the full faith and credit of the state of Ohio must stand behind these bond issues, but actually they're tied to specific revenues, such as highways, dormitory rents, and so on. It's not what you could call the debt of the state of Ohio." Nevertheless, I get the impression that the Rhodes administration would just as soon not talk about the amount of debt, outstanding and proposed.

But the budget Governor Rhodes presented to the Ohio legislature last March is larger than the actual expenditures of "High-Tax Mike" DiSalle—and DiSalle's expenditures exceeded his budget. In his last biennium DiSalle spent slightly less than $1.1 billion; the first Rhodes budget called for expenditures of $1.28 billion. Governor Rhodes, with his flair for journalism, may understand how it is that he gained national publicity for his 9.1 per cent cut, but no national publicity for his all-time record budget.

Ohioans for Goldwater?

The Governor was tapping his feet on the marble floor and beginning to look glassy-eyed. I clomped back across the catwalk to the Neil House. Right inside the main lobby I found a six-foot-high photograph of Barry Goldwater on a poster stand with the message: Ohioans for Goldwater, State Headquarters, Room 206. An attractive young couple, Carol and Bill McDermott (he's in insurance), were holding the fort in Room 206. "We got started last May," they say. "We got a thousand members in the first week. By now our membership is well over forty thousand."

"Goldwater would have to file his written consent before we could run him in the GOP Presidential primary, according to Ohio election law. The primary's in May; the last filing date would be February 5. We hope to have a hundred thousand by primary date. A lot of our members are from the Democratic Party—disgruntled Democrats who don't like a party that may give them a choice between Mike DiSalle and Stephen Young in this year's senatorial primary. We have more precinct workers available than the Ohio State GOP itself. The GOP knows that, and it knows we're not against them. We're just for Gold-

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water. We issue invitations to Rhodes and Bliss and all for all our functions. For a time they didn't even reply. Recently they've begun to answer by saying they can't attend but thank us for the invitation. Interesting."

Up the street at GOP headquarters I asked Jack Flanagan how Ohio felt about Goldwater. "Well," said Flanagan, "the majority of the county chairmen and the county finance chairmen—the people who would normally be delegates to the convention—are going for Goldwater. Many of the state committeemen are for him. So is the younger generation."

My conclusions? Governor Rhodes has a basic affinity for the social welfare state built on a foundation of prosperous private enterprise. He is not conservative by nature, but he does not mind acting conservative if politics should demand it. He is not in close communication with the Ohio State GOP. That he will lead a favorite son delegation to the Republican Convention, and that Senator Goldwater has decided not to campaign in Ohio, suggest that a compromise advantageous to both sides has been worked out. It is probable that Rhodes is basically anti-Goldwater; but it is certain that he knows when "the people have spoken."

The Intelligent Liberal Student's Guide to World Literature

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

OEDIPUS REX *by Sophocles*

A brilliant portrayal of mass hysteria and the evils of enforced orthodoxy. Oedipus, a progressive intellectual ruler, marries his mother. Society wreaks its revenge on him for this nonconformist action by having Oedipus appear before an investigating committee. Through hearsay evidence, he is accused of the murder of his father, and his reputation is blackened. The end of the play is, however, encouraging; Oedipus, unable to see what all the fuss is about, decides to bring his case before the people and goes off on a non-political tour. Parallels can be drawn between the committee hearings and the McCarthy Era.

HAMLET *by W. Shakespeare*

A study of extremist harassment. Claudius, a progressive intellectual ruler—his brother died as a result of experiments with chemical substances which Claudius had hoped would improve his hearing—finds himself beset by Hamlet, the brother's son, a member of the power elite. In order to discredit the new administration, Hamlet uses all the classic extremist techniques: smears (". . . my father's brother, but no more like my father than I to Hercules"), vicious innuendo (". . . bloody bawdy villain, Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain"), and half-truths ("He that hath killed my king and whored my mother").

Hamlet makes wild, hysterical accusations against Claudius and refuses to confront him with his accuser, who, if we are to believe Hamlet, is a ghost. Many students find Polonius, an able public servant, the hero of the play. Parallels may be drawn between Hamlet's attacks on innocent people and the excesses of the McCarthy Era.

MACBETH *by W. Shakespeare*

A brilliant exposé of the dangers of militarism, just a few steps below *Seven Days in May*. Macbeth, a career soldier and a fanatical anti-Communist ("No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one *red*"), feels that he can run the country better than the civilian authorities. He is aided in his fantastic scheme by his wife, an obvious psychopath, and a trio of one hundred per centers whom we meet as they make home brew in defiance of the tax laws and the Pure Food and Drug Act. Macbeth is defeated by a massive urban renewal plan, which brings Birnam Woods, a low rent district, to Dunsinane, the exclusive suburb where Macbeth makes his home. Parallels may be drawn between anything in the play and the McCarthy Era.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS *by J. Swift*
THE TRAGEDY OF DR. FAUSTUS *by C. Marlowe*

Both excellent examples of the evils of individualism, especially among doctors. Gulliver is a wealthy doctor who goes on pleasure cruises (his stand on medical care for the senior citizens is never quite explained, one of the major flaws in the work). His adventures in an emerging nation, called Lilliput, are symbolic of the big nations' attitude toward the little nations. It is encouraging to note that he winds up working for the little people. The author has a pleasing style and his feeling for humanity in general is never in doubt.

Faustus, on the other hand, is an example of the folly of private spending. He finds that his investments are giving scant returns and therefore goes to a central authority for aid. His welfare benefits include almost all a senior citizen could desire, including a guarantee that he will be well taken care of when he needs care the most. This drama is a good argument for the Welfare State, since Faustus gets all he wants with only a slight loss of freedom. Both of these works can be used to draw parallels between the McCarthy Era and anything.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *by C. Dickens*

A primer on church-state relations. Scrooge, although a businessman, is nevertheless a fighter against pressure groups which seek to force their religious preferences on others.

His admirable stand on non-recognition of a certain denominational feast is met with the usual threats, jeers, and ostracism. The villain of the piece seems to be one Bob Cratchit, who is ignorant of the evils of the population explosion and also is, in all probability, a non-union worker. Scrooge is bothered by ghosts, things which do not exist. Parallels can be drawn between these ghosts and other similar non-existent threats, such as Cuba, and real threats, like the McCarthy Era.

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African Affairs

No Flowers for Welensky's Baby

ELSPETH HUXLEY

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was born with high hopes in September 1953. It brought together three African territories mustering between them, at the time, some eight million Africans and rather under 300,000 Europeans. The smallest and weakest was Nyasaland, a British Protectorate of African peasants with a sprinkling of European-owned tea and tobacco plantations that propped up the economy. Much the richest was Northern Rhodesia, also a Protectorate: in the main a flat, unprepossessing wilderness of bush in which probably the richest deposits of copper in the world lay buried. Here the output of a string of mines belonging to two giant companies, the Anglo-American and the Rhodesian Selection Trust, provided about 70 per cent of the Protectorate's revenues and kept the Federation on its financial feet.

Elspeth Huxley

The status of the third partner, Southern Rhodesia, was different. It was a settlers' country, ruled by a white minority who had secured *de facto* independence from the British way back in 1923, before Africans had woken up politically. On paper, the British Government still retained certain rights, known as the "elements of subordination," which it has never exercised, but which have now come into prominence because, so long as they remain, Southern Rhodesia lacks the final constitutional instruments of freedom.

Economically, Southern Rhodesia had successfully balanced a thriving agriculture, built up by the whites, with mineral development and a number of secondary industries. The need of these industries for wider markets was one of the reasons for the Federation. Its motive force was economic and, economically, it was a great success. In the first seven years of its life, over £800 million of new investment expanded its industries, and there came into being such ambitious projects as the Kariba hydro-electric plant on the Zambezi, which supplies power to the Copper Belt and created the largest man-made lake in the world. In the first five years of its life, the national income went up by 45 per cent, exports by 75 per cent, and gross domestic product per head by nearly one-third. In other words, the Federation didn't die from economic causes. What killed it, then?

African nationalism. From the start, the Africans were dead against it. Even before the war, when a Royal Commission examined and rejected a federal proposal, they said they wanted no part of any association with Southern Rhodesia. This conviction the Monckton Commission described in 1960 as: "widespread, sincere and of long standing, almost pathological; it is associated with a picture of Southern Rhodesia as a white man's country" (although Africans from the two northern territories flock south in the hundreds of thousands to seek work). Moreover the Africans hated Salisbury, which became the Federal capital, where they were barred from hotels and segregated from the whites in schools, hospitals, trains and buses.

Two Hopes

This mattered far more to them, as it still does, than any amount of economic prosperity. Dr. Hastings Banda, Prime Minister of Nyasaland, went on record that he'd rather his followers starved in rags on the streets than waxed fat in a Federation ruled by whites.

Despite all this, Federation was imposed. For this there were two justifications, or hopes. One was that a rise in prosperity resulting from it would win the Africans over. The other lay in the magic word "partnership." Sir Roy Welensky launched a multi-racial United Federal Party on the promise that blacks and whites would share the benefits in partnership and that gradually, as more and more Africans met the stiff qualifications needed to earn a vote, political power would be shared out as well.

The Africans say this promise wasn't kept and that the "partnership" revealed itself as a trick, cynically devised to pull the wool over their eyes. Sir Roy and his supporters retort that African nationalist leaders had been out to sabotage Federation from the start, and they were the ones to do the wool-pulling, in order to gain power for themselves. The nationalists won. The hurricane of change swept through Africa and swept away the Federation. Thousands of federal civil servants have found their jobs shot from under them, and responsibility for the large Federal public debt is now a matter of argument and acrimony. The British Government has repudiated all responsibility and the debt is to be shared out among the three countries —on what basis, no one yet knows.

Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia now have African governments and, next summer, will become the 35th and 36th independent African states to join the Afro-Asian bloc of the United Nations. Nyasaland, to be renamed Malawi, has a three million population and is chronically insolvent; the British milch-cow will be called upon to make good a large annual deficit formerly shouldered by Northern Rhodesia. The copper mines will see nationalist leader Kenneth Kuanda through in Northern Rhodesia. Southern Rhodesia provides the big question mark. What is to become of its quarter-million whites, now ranged behind Prime Minister Winston Field and his Rhodesia Front Party?

When this party came into power, about a year ago, they introduced a new constitution drawn up after consultation with, and endorsed by, the British Government. This allotted 15 parliamentary seats to the 2.75 million Africans and fifty to the Europeans, and was based on a "fancy franchise" with two voters' rolls. The Africans boycotted the elections and refused to accept their 15 seats. The

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whites pointed out that in twelve to fifteen years enough Africans would get on to the voters' roll to outnumber everyone else and to elect an all-African government.

To Africans the idea of fifteen years, or even five, was, and is, derisory. With independent states popping out of their colonial pods like shelled peas all around them, the notion that they alone should stay podded just isn't on. They intend, under their leader Joshua Nkomo, to take the country over from the whites just as their fellow Africans have done in Kenya. After next July, Southern Rhodesia will be the only country left in Africa outside Portuguese Angola and Mozambique and the Afrikaner Republic of South Africa not fully independent. This is a situation that cannot endure.

'X is the Key'

Last November, Winston Field's government sent an emissary to demand from Sir Alec Douglas-Home immediate and full independence for Southern Rhodesia. He pointed out that to concede this status to backward and insolvent Nyasaland—even to an almost comic-opera state like Zanzibar with a population of less than half a million and little to sustain it but tourists, cloves and ivory carvings—and withhold it from a well-developed, partially industrialized and viable country that has exercised self-government for forty years, makes no sense. The only country where Britain is clinging to her shreds of power is about the only one which has justified her total surrender. Like an Alsatian dog boldly defying a mouse, Britain is standing up to 300,000 whites where she won't, or can't, stand up to x million Africans.

That x is the key. How many? Not just Rhodesia's three millions but all the citizens of Africa's 34 independent states now supporting the Organization for African Unity founded last year with headquarters in Addis Ababa—citizens of the so-called uncommitted nations currently being wooed by Mr. Chou En-lai of Red China. Both in and out of the United Nations, these states are making a dead set at Southern Rhodesia and there's no doubt that if they don't get their way—the immediate introduction of a one-man-one-vote constitution and the consequent political obliteration of the whites—threats of violence that have been already uttered will be translated into effect. So Winston Field's emissary went home with a lemon in his pocket, and the "elements of subordination" remain.

In Parliament at Westminster, Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys has put another cat among the angry pigeons by announcing: "It is not just a matter of satisfying us. The whole Commonwealth will have to be consulted." Indeed, he added, Commonwealth countries should be invited to put forward ideas towards a solution.

Never before has Britain invited other Commonwealth countries to help her sort out her political dilemmas. It sounds reasonable enough—except to white Rhodesians. Now, it seems to them the British who founded, invested in, emigrated to and sustained Rhodesia have thrown in the sponge and invited such well-known Liberals as President Nkrumah of Ghana—clearly an expert on democracy—Mr. Jomo Kenyatta and his Mau Mau freedom-fighters of Kenya and Dr. Hastings Banda of Nyasaland, not to mention Mr. Nehru of India and Mrs. Bandaranaike of Ceylon and other adherents to the cause of freedom, equality and justice. But since the composition of the boards of British insurance companies is apparently to be decided by President Nasser, and the British Foreign Office bans Mr. Tshombe from London at the bidding of Mr. Adoula of the Congo, this is hardly surprising.

In Rhodesia, once a hotbed of loyalty to Crown and Union Jack, Britain has become a dirty word. The feeling of betrayal is profound. So is a failure to face bleak realities. Most whites in Rhodesia, though dispirited, still have not accepted the fact of their inability to hold indefinitely a thin white line against a surging flood of African nationalism. What, then, *can* they do?

Go in with South Africa? An increasing number favor this: retreat behind the barrier, pull up the drawbridge and fight it out. Unfortunately for them, the holders of the bastion don't want anyone else in. Rhodesia would bring them twelve more Africans for every European, and they have enough blacks already.

Strike a bargain with the African nationalists, give way over the franchise in return for guarantees about minority rights? The hour is past, if it ever struck, for this, and such guarantees are not worth the paper they're written on. Africans don't intend to compromise. Why should they? They want power. In an overwhelming majority, they have world opinion behind them. They will get power. It's as simple as that.

Possible Solution

Give way with a good grace, as Kenya whites have done? The only answer. But, in Kenya, the British Government is buying out some, though by no means all, of the white farmers. This they won't agree to in Rhodesia. So white Rhodesians are even farther out on a limb than their Kenya brothers. The limb's gone rotten and must soon give way. There is no solution that is fair to both sides. White Rhodesians may be able to hold the position for a few years more, but not longer.

If the rest of the Commonwealth is to be consulted, and comes up with a "solution" which hands political power over to the African nationalists, shouldn't it shoulder also the responsibility for seeing at least a modicum of justice done to the whites? The Commonwealth countries could set up a joint fund to guarantee the debts incurred by the now defunct Federation. And they could underwrite a scheme, comparable to that in Kenya, to buy out any white Rhodesian who wanted to go, and to compensate those whose solvency has been totally destroyed by the Federation's breakup.

If the load were spread, the burden wouldn't be onerous. It's true that President Nkrumah, say, might experience twinges of embarrassment when urging his legislature to vote money to help white settlers. But he is a man resilient in argument, resolute in purpose and accustomed to obedience; and certainly this course would be cheaper than a race war. Though not so exciting. Meanwhile, Rhodesians talk of unilateral action and of "going it alone." The year 1964 hasn't dawned very sunnily in Central Africa.

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Middle East Misconceptions

Until we understand that the issues in the Middle East go deeper than East *v.* West and Arab *v.* Jew, says the author, we will be unable to chart a true course there

CARL LEIDEN

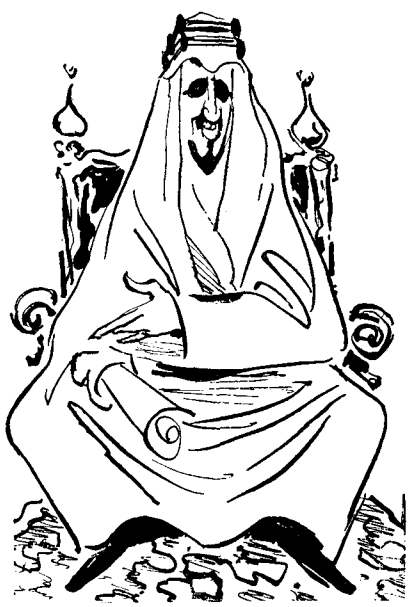
Gamal Abdel Nasser has done at least one thing in his decade of power in Egypt: He has brought the Middle East into a prominence that it has never hitherto enjoyed. Some of this prominence might be termed notoriety, and much of it has been painful to us and to our allies; and no doubt to the Soviet Union as well. But aside from Nasser the Middle East has a legitimate claim to global significance.

There is no doubt that this area is important. Suez. The Turkish Straits. Oil. These very words underline the physical significance of the Middle East to both the East and the West. If we add such words as Israel, refugees, nationalism and Communism we can easily arouse in ourselves and others a whole gamut of upsetting emotions.

But in spite of its significance and our emotional interest in the area it cannot be said that the Middle East is in sharp focus in anyone's mind. It still remains a bewildering complex of ideas, isms and personalities. It confuses at times most all of us, not least of all our leaders. Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Anthony Eden, Guy Mollet: They have all committed errors of Middle East interpretation. What is more surprising is that the Middle Eastern leaders themselves have shown on occasion remarkably little understanding of their own area. King Saud rarely understands even Saudi Arabia; neither King Hussein of Jordan nor Zahir Shah of Afghanistan has been unusually perceptive of events about them. The "wily old leaders," such as Nuri al-Said of Iraq and Abdulla of Jordan are long since gone, victims of forces they never comprehended. Their successors, notably Abdul Karim Kassem of Iraq, are gone as well and for much the same reason. And Nasser, the *sine qua non* of Arab nationalism, Arab socialism, the Arab mind and character, has been as confused on occasion as any. The breakup of the United Arab Republic in 1961 certainly surprised Nasser. The vitality of the Baathists in contemporary Syria and Iraq continues to surprise him today. Indeed, the Arab leaders have shown a marked tendency to misunderstand each other (and each other's needs) and certainly in turn they have misunderstood the Israelis, the Turks, the Persians and the Afghans.

There are a number of misconceptions about the Middle East that Americans have managed to pick up and nurture over the years. Some of the more obvious follow.

1) Americans tend to view the Middle East as being synonymous with Israel. Even the many Americans who have no emotional commitment to Israel *per se* equate the Middle East vaguely with the "Holy Land" and then another easy equation leads to Israel. We think of "trouble in the Middle East" as "trouble in Israel"; and "defense of Israel" soon becomes "defense of the Middle East." We probably spend more time thinking and reading about Israel than we do about all the rest of the Middle East. Such activity on our part may be perfectly legitimate, but it should not lead to the unthought-out conclusion that there is little more to the Middle East than Israel.



King Saud

Actually Israel is only a very small geographical fragment of the Middle East. The problems of Israel are decidedly not the problems of the Middle East as a whole. Furthermore American interests in the Middle East, even disregarding the oil of Saudi Arabia, are not completely identifiable with those of Israel. We are vitally concerned with Turkey as a bulwark of NATO; Iran's struggles to maintain independence give us thought; and the Russian threat in Afghanistan is worthy of attention. Yet none of these things is remotely connected with the Israelis.

Palestine and Peace

2) A corollary of this first misconception is that Palestine (the land in which Israel is imbedded) remains the key to peace and stability in the Middle East. Nothing could be more inaccurate. But what is especially confusing is that the Arab leaders themselves suggest this and possibly even believe it. They tell us that their only serious quarrel with the world is Israel's existence. They demand that the former Arab Palestinian population (the refugees) be repatriated and that lost property be compensated. They suggest that if only *all* of the United Nations resolutions on Palestine be implemented the problem will be permanently solved and along with it all of the other problems of the Middle East. But Israeli leaders are just as insistent that if only their frontiers are guaranteed and their economy shored up

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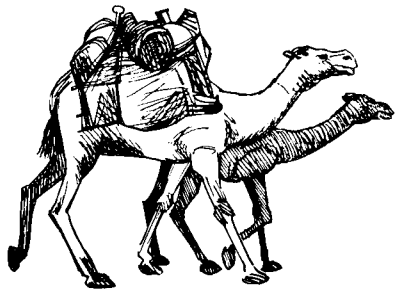
by outside aid they will be able to become the catalyst for the economic and cultural renaissance of the entire Middle East.

In actual fact Israel as an issue to most Arabs is becoming passé. Certainly in the workaday Arab world it is much less an issue now than it has been. Its momentary intensity depends upon such things as the border violence that seems never to be long absent and new strains such as the Israeli plan to use the waters of the River Jordan to irrigate the Negev desert. In Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan, Israel is hardly an issue at all.

Of course the Arab press and the Arab leaders continue to denounce Israel in the wildest way; and she is still denied the Suez Canal. But this denunciation resembles the old-fashioned complaints against the British when they were established in the Middle East. Even the advent of the *Khamsin,* the blistering winds from the desert, or the cotton-worm, were often attributed to the British whose shoulders had to carry an overwhelming burden of guilt. But with the British gone, others have had to take their place.

When domestic Arab issues become threadbare, when internal politics become troublesome, or when troubles with other Arab states are not easily resolved, then Israel will be denounced in even greater ferocity. *But the Arabs will not in all probability implement their words with action.* This is partly because the Arab states on Israel's periphery are all weak, including Egypt whose army has not distinguished itself in the abortive fighting in Yemen. But more important is that the Arab leaders, in spite of their public protestations to the contrary, fear and distrust each other more than they do the Israelis. It may be added that there is a healthy respect for Israeli arms, an obvious factor in all these calculations.

Also, many Arabs in private conversation will indicate a willingness to accommodate themselves to the continued existence of Israel. "We are not likely to be able to destroy Israel; or even if we defeat her what will be done with two million Jewish refugees in the Middle East?" one Arab says. "Besides," an Egyptian Arab might add, "that's Palestine,



not Egypt." There is a world of meaning in this short sentence.

In spite of the public posture adopted by every Arab leader there is evidence of some trade between Israel and Jordan. And there are curious exceptions to the various anti-Israel boycotts and blacklists with which the Arabs are continually experimenting. There is, indeed, a strong undercurrent of "reasonableness" on the Israeli question that is not always reflected in public statements. For example, Israelis and Arabs have cooperated in a struggle against one terrible but common foe: the locust.

It is important for us to realize that many of the problems of the Middle East have nothing to do with Israel. The agonizing search for Arab unity; the struggle against the outside great powers—both Russia and the West; the desperately low living standards coupled with rising populations; these and others will continue to make the Middle East a powder keg of instability regardless of any "solution" of the Israeli problem. To the Arabs, Israel is only one of many problems, and one that has been overworked.

3) We insist upon using such terms as "democracy" and "representative government" in our description of the Middle East (and its future). This is unfortunate, for democratic institutions are generations away from application in the Middle East. It is tempting for us to encourage the establishment of at least the forms of democracy, but this may often accomplish nothing and almost always complicates our problem of understanding the area.

Turkey may be a case in point. In 1960 an army junta intervened in Turkish politics to save the nation. The revolutionary government promptly proceeded to hang the former prime minister, Adnan Menderes, as well as his finance and foreign ministers. The grounds were that, among other things, Menderes had established a dictatorship and had violated the constitution. Menderes certainly was no democrat, but he was our friend. In the Middle East particularly, we have to take our friends as we find them, without hopes of reforming them. In spite of the high water mark of the 1950 elections, genuine democracy is far from realization in Turkey. Not only does an uneducated and primitive peasantry make up the bulk of the population but there still remains the residue of the past: Corruption, contempt for such elementary freedoms as speech and press, and a lack of men of public dedication. Now must be added the element of death and violence. There have been several attempted counter-coups since 1960; in the fall of 1963 the Turkish Government continued along its uncertain and unstable course.

Interestingly enough, Nasser has been the "friend" of Khrushchev but at times Khrushchev has loudly complained of his friend's brand of socialism, nationalism and neutralism. Khrushchev too finds it difficult to reform his friends.

Ayub Khan of Pakistan has said on occasion that very little of the Middle East is ready for democracy. Certainly the area contains few leaders who either understand the basis of democratic thinking or who desire to move in its direction. We cannot expect democratic institutions in the Middle East, regardless of our devotion to them at home. We must accept the area as it is, with all of its ideological shortcomings.

Muslims and Communism

4) Another misconception relates to Communism and the Middle East. We often convince ourselves that the Turks, Arabs, Israelis and others will never become Communists. Especially we say, Muslims will never be Communists. We charm ourselves into this last thinking by pointing out that Communism is simply contrary to Islam, and leave it at that.

There seems little doubt that Khrushchev would like to incorporate the Middle East into the far-flung holdings of the Soviet satellite system. At the present time if he attempted to do so by force—even nibbling at the

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edges—he would find himself at war with the West. Perhaps our various military alliances in the area, notably of course NATO, have made this more certain. But if force is denied Khrushchev his only alternative is Communist subversion.

The people of the Middle East can succumb to the blandishments of Communism as readily as any other people, Islam notwithstanding. It is an extraordinary delusion to anticipate of the Egyptian *fellah* that he will engage in some sort of philosophical and theological examination of his beliefs before he agrees to support a Communist program. First of all, he just does not understand Secondly, his acceptance and adoption of a "point of view" proceeds by easy steps and stages. Communism spread in Russia by the same process. Russian soldiers, in 1917, streamed home from the front, in answer to Bolshevik slogans to end the war and to divide the land. The Tudeh party in Iran, quite Communistic, was rather successful for a time with an Iranian *Muslim* peasantry by simply promising each person his *choice* of surrounding land and water sites.

The Middle East can go Communist in spite of its history, its religion and numerous other things. We must discourage the process of Communization in every way we can, but we are foolish to imagine barriers to Communism that are not there.

5) At the same time it is a mistake to assume that every anti-American or anti-Western utterance is inspired by Communism. We should remember that the Middle Eastern peoples are *anti* many things. They are against the West, the East, the United States, the Soviet Union and Red China on occasion. They are also quite often against each other. The Afghans have been denouncing the Pakistanis for years. The Iraqis have no love for Egyptians. And as explained before in the case of Israel, there is a great tendency to blame any event on someone. Thus, in September 1961 when the United Arab Republic began coming apart at the seams the first thought of Nasser was to blame what he called "international imperialism."

There is, at almost any time or place in the Middle East, a tremendous reservoir of strong feeling against someone, often against the United States. We become accustomed to being denounced in the most horrible manner imaginable—and, it might be said, of the Arabic language at least, that it has a bountiful vocabulary of invective. But it is not a necessary conclusion that the area has become Communist or that even all the words used are to be given their full meaning.

6) To choose a last thought from a harvest of misconceptions we Americans often tend to attribute to other peoples our own motives, or our own characteristics, without recognizing that other cultural worlds may produce similar activities for completely different reasons.

We expect the Middle East to be grateful and appreciative for foreign aid and it grieves us to discover that in general it is not. (Palestinian refugees insist that it is not "fair" to remind them that most of their financial support comes from the United

Nasser

States, since the American "creation" of Israel has been the source of all their difficulties anyway! Or the Egyptian drags out the tired cliché about how we help Israel in the face of aid programs to Egypt that run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually. When reminded of this the rejoinder is produced that this is in blocked currencies—Egyptian pounds—and what is needed is dollars!) We neither understand this obvious cultural shortcoming nor an even greater defect: The Middle East's lack of human energy to pull itself—if it is possible—from the absymal depths of poverty and degradation. It is not always a lack of know-how, a lack of money or machinery, but quite often a lack of *will* that prevents much of the Middle East from making material advance. We Americans cannot comprehend the willingness to drink sewage, to endure mosquitos and malaria, to live on the land like animals—which approximates life along the lowest but largest stratum of the Middle East, from Peshawar to Khartoum.

Arab Reactions

The Turks, the Afghans, the Sudanese, simply do not act and react the way we would, under the same stimuli. It is time we noted it. I recall several years ago when the Egyptian ship *Cleopatra* was being picketed in New York harbor. A trivial thing, but still it endangered relations between the United States and Egypt. Many of the staff of the American Embassy in Cairo were persuaded that whatever happened in New York the issue would blow over in the Arab world. After all, it was said, any Arab boycott of American shipping would injure Arab interests. It would cut off shipments of agricultural surpluses and the like. "The Arabs know where the bread's buttered," I was told by one American official. "They won't do anything foolish."

But they will do precisely that. The Egyptians blocked the Suez Canal and the Syrians blew up the petroleum pumping stations in 1956, all very much against their economic interests. One can never apply ordinary logic to the prediction of Middle Eastern affairs. The people in this area will act foolishly; they will act suicidally. They are emotional and will act without any thought for tomorrow. After all, what do the millions of Egyptians or Iraqis or Iranians, on the edge of subsistence, care in the abstract for either American aid or Soviet military equipment? They have only a fierce pride and a dignity that they will maintain against more logical economic arguments. In our analysis of Middle Eastern issues we must be careful to provide alternatives for the irrational and the emotional for it is often down these paths the frenzied Middle East goes.

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Experiences in Romance

ALAN NEAME

I

Europe

'To Norroway to Norroway'
these the earliest words
to unlock the poets
and the language of birds

Over the wild waves
the wild waves over
drove the galley
of Sir Ralph the Rover
bringing me slaves
and a demon lover

Dreamed of Ulysses
adrift in an English garden
under the blue and green
dreamed of King Solomon
wise as the Vicar's Warden
but not so clean

Through the summer of childhood
dreamed of enchanted travels
caravels and storms
ignorant of norms
grew up familiar with marvels

Through the summer of childhood
to the droning of bees
the tending of white mice
and cycle of nursery teas
'Master Alan how often
'have I told you to say Please?'

The prevarication of Nanny
at unusual food
'It mayn't do you any harm
'but it won't do you any good'
O how often I wanted
to shed Nanny's precious blood

II

Asia

Now in forgotten Asia
old stories fill my head
of Alexander
Darius the Mede
and the Caliph Ali
with his man-footed steed

Apricot-trees surround
the print of hoof and heel
set on the chasm's mouth
for a sign and a seal
and the breath of the ages
hangs dark over Erbil

'Boy bring the charcoal brazier
'and water for the hands
'the travellers are weary
'from weary western lands
'and weary too the household
'an old woman commands

'And wearisome the needle
'and wearisome the lamp
'where the spring comes no more
'and the fountains all are stopped
'and to the earth a burden
'who bears no second crop

'Who pruned away the master
'shall yet have his wage
'a knife-thrust from you boy
'from her a poison pledge
'and I go down with honour
'from desolate old age'

In wide Virgilian valleys
the Heroes reap and sow
white as the snows of winter
white oxen of the plough
bellow through the twilight
for blood that is to flow.

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Please Mr. Rip Van Winkle, Wake Up Some More

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Edmund Wilson's *Protest* is a document of no mean interest. The author has one of the best literary minds of our generation. He has developed a limpid and casual prose in the great tradition of essay writing in English. His criticism exhibits a rare combination of qualities. He has humor and a very personal sensitivity to whimsical human nuances. Besides being a historical critic and an able journalist of literature he is a scholar; as John Adams said of Jefferson: "a great rubber-off of dust."

There can hardly be a subject more appealing and timely than the misadventure of a man of talent caught in the bureaucratic web of the Internal Revenue Service. It is one of those situations that Kafka prophetically foresaw. Vivian Kellems told the story from the point of view of small business. Now we have it from the point of view of the absent-minded professor who is also one of our ranking men of letters.

He tells the sad tale of *lèse-majesté* towards the bureaucratic state and of the retribution that followed. The recital is clear and brief, uncloyed by self pity. I kept thinking what a waste of a hard-working man's time and energy. Perhaps I was influenced by personal affection for the author whom I have known off and on for many years.

The Cold War and the Income Tax: A Protest, by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, $2.95

Knowing and admiring the man, I found the wrecking of his odd little ivory tower extremely poignant. Like many of us of the particular literary generation that came of age during the first World War, Edmund Wilson was profoundly influenced in his intellectual formation by the French and English literature of the nineteenth century. We came away from that reading with a much higher opinion of the social rating of the man of letters than was general in the American society we grew up in. To tell the truth, though the more discreet of us kept the conviction to ourselves, we thought the writer was tops. You can feel the pang of disillusionment when Wilson writes: "My lawyer on one occasion had evidently tried to persuade a Utica official that the Internal Revenue Service ought to show consideration to a distinguished man."

The revenue agent answers sourly that Mr. Wilson will be treated "like any ordinary man on Water Street." Water Street is more or less the Skid Row of Utica, so the comparison was hardly intended to be flattering. Wilson hastens to point out, with great justice, that the ordinary man on Water Street with no money to hire lawyers to fight back for him fares even worse with Internal Revenue than offenders who consider themselves more distinguished.

Wilson's crime was that for one reason or another he had neglected to file income tax statements for nine years. It wasn't until 1958 that the tax collectors woke up to the situation and started their hue and cry. They made up for lost time. As he describes his ordeal, he was threatened with jail, fingerprinted, cross-questioned by probation officers, and condemned to pay a large fine. To make things worse, publishers' royalties, magazine payments, and all other sources of income were garnisheed at the source. The revenue agents who handled the case were deaf to pleas for a reasonable settlement which would give him an opportunity to pay off his debt over a term of years. The worst feature of the situation was that the culprit hardly ever saw the same agent twice. Each of them had hurriedly run through the files, but none of them seemed to have taken the trouble to get a real grasp of the various aspects of the case.

Eventually an agreement was rather suddenly reached between the culprit's lawyers and the tax collectors. One can imagine some member of the Kennedy Administration, friendly to the profession of literature, getting wind of the affair and reaching Commissioner Caplin on the phone to tell him for God's sake to call off his bloodhounds. How would the "American image" look abroad if the Internal Revenue Service reduced our best known literary critic to destitution or sent him off to die in a prison cell?

The levies and liens were lifted, but the eminent author was left at sixty-eight loaded with debt to the government and to his lawyers. His own damn fault, you'll say. Maybe, but isn't the system a little bit to blame?

It is reported that Edmund Wilson has retired to lick his wounds in some European capital. I hope it won't be for good, as he threatens. A writer belongs in his own country.

THIS PROTEST is a cry from the heart. "We are not concerned with hardship," the tax collectors kept telling Wilson. His discovery of the untrammeled power of the federal bureaucracy came as a shock. Personal experience brought home the old adage: the power to tax is the power to destroy.

He speaks of himself as Rip Van Winkle waking up, but I find it regrettable that Rip Van Winkle didn't wake up all the way. His meditations on the subject of taxation never transcended his own private problems. He might have let his mind

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roam a little over the social consequences of our tax structure. He might have hit upon some fresh and useful observations.

Hasn't our tax structure become a dominant factor in the development of business enterprise? Industrial projects are continually being conditioned by whether expenditures for various activities are tax deductible or not. Tax regulations mould men's careers. The expense account carnival is one example. Another is the inordinate growth of advertising and publicity. Don't tax regulations force into unproductive channels money which might better be spent on profit-sharing for employees or in improving the product or the methods of production? I suspect that it's not so much the amount of taxation but the confused system by which it is administered that hampers growth and invention and fosters a bureaucratic lethargy in American enterprise. These are subjects on which a man of brains and diversified scholarship should have formed opinions. Taxation is too important to leave to the economists. Personal as it is, this account of one man's struggle with the tax authorities should be recommended reading for members of Congress who deal with tax matters. Taxation is reaching a degree of oppressiveness incompatible with personal liberty.

So far Edmund Wilson's protest seems to me to be in the right direction. It is when the eminent critic starts to itemize his complaints about the way the United States Government is spending the money it takes from him, that I begin to wonder whether much of Rip Van Winkle's intelligence isn't still asleep.

I am not objecting to our eminent critic's private opinions. I often don't agree with them, but they are always arguable. It is when he allows his private opinions to be lost in the group obsessions of the Liberal intellectuals that I feel like scolding. My complaint is against the whole substratum of preconceptions on which a large majority of our academic and literary people base their thinking on current affairs. I'm not scolding at any particular man. I'm scolding at the intellectuals as a tribe. Again *la trahison des clercs*. Their notions seem to me to be based on unexamined propaganda, on hearsay, and on emotion instead of on fact and experience. They are not producing a useful analysis of the dangers that face mankind. Their obfuscations are useful only to the propaganda of the Communists.

This particular Rip Van Winkle starts off disarmingly with an apology. He admits that it is paradoxical that an erstwhile Socialist should complain about state power: "I must confess with compunction that I was naive enough at thirty-one to take seriously Lenin's prediction in his pamphlet *State and Revolution* written in 1917 before his return to Russia [let the reviewer interrupt: that is, before Lenin had any experience with the realities of governing] that the clerical work of a socialist government could easily be attended to in the spare time of the ordinary citizens . . . and that the state would wither away and cease to harass the individual. . . . It was assumed that the working class could maintain an international solidarity and that it did not want horrible wars. But both these assumptions were incorrect. The working class . . . has to be recognized today as a Marxist fiction."

John Dos Passos

Among all the farewells to delusion penned by the disenchanted Socialists of my generation this seems to me one of the clearest and simplest. The trouble is that having dismissed the basic delusion, Rip Van Winkle's slumbers are still haunted by that host of ancillary delusions which have become the commonplaces of Liberal thought.

From the moment when, on page 45, there appears the rubberstamp reference to the "dubious evidence" on which the Rosenbergs and Alger Hiss were convicted, it's as if, instead of the voice of a first rate intelligence, we were hearing another robot of the ventriloquists of Communist propaganda.

Our Rip Van Winkle writes as if the Communist Party's organization for world conquest did not exist, as if Cuba had not been occupied as a Russian outpost, and as if the terrorism and sabotage of democratic institutions which are the preliminary skirmishes of an invasion of Venezuela were not daily occurrences. It is perfectly possible for reasonable men to disagree about what measures should be taken to meet this situation, but any man who writes as if the situation did not exist is deep in the slumbers of delusion.

Our Rip Van Winkle complains bitterly of the military purposes for which the government spends the money it extorts from him, but he never brings up the question of who started the contest that made all this expenditure necessary.

Far from opposing Russian expansion, American policy during the nightmare twilight of the Roosevelt Administration was to turn over half the world to the Communists. In an access of folly, which can only be compared to the errors in leadership which brought about the ruin of Athens in the Peloponnesian War, American troops were pulled back and every facility was offered the Russians to occupy Eastern Europe. In the case of Prussia and Austria the theory was promulgated that Russian occupation would punish the people for their war crimes. If it hadn't been for the presence of mind of General MacArthur Japan would have gone the way of East Germany.

I know that the abandonment by the Western powers of the Estonians, the Latvians, the Lithuanians and the Poles and later the Czechs to Stalin's police state is ancient history and that it is considered bad taste to bring it up, but I don't see how it is possible for a well informed man to indulge in diatribes against militarism in Washington without taking account of the situation which brought it into being in its present form.

Let me say here that I can't help feeling sympathy with antimilitarists

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even in their most crackpot manifestations. For better or for worse the uselessness of war has been basic in my political thinking all my life. As a young man I was opposed to our taking part in the first global massacre and I was bitterly opposed to Franklin Roosevelt's policies which led to our involvement in the second. I've always had fellow feeling for the isolationists. I should like to have seen the United States develop into a great neutral nation, like Sweden or Switzerland. If anybody had consulted me about the atomic bomb I would have said drop it on Iwo Jima. Having been around the Pacific as a war correspondent, my opinion was that the Japanese were already defeated. All we needed to do was to tighten our blockade and wait for their peace proposals.

Naturally, nobody asked my advice. Plenty of other men, in a better position to make their opinions count, felt the same way but their opinions were overruled.

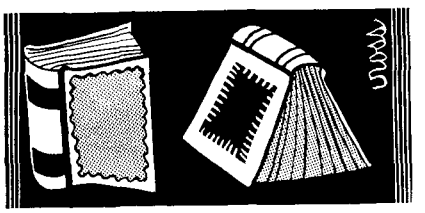
This is all water over the dam. We live in the age of atomic warfare and we have to deal with it. Hasty denunciation by literary men of Army and Navy and Air Force officers who are conscientiously trying to do their duty by experiments with new methods of warfare won't help us, not a little tiny bit. We need all the arms we can dream up. We need even more cool and clear and well informed thinking.

Almost anybody who keeps up with the progress of events will agree with some of Wilson's protest against the State Department's foreign policy. The trouble is he doesn't go far enough. He leaves out the most important parts of the story. He slurs over the realities, upon which useful analysis must be based, of the disasters for the cause of civilization which have resulted from American fumbling and American folly. To blame all the "cold war tensions" which have been the journalistic commonplaces of the last few years on "American encirclement of the Soviet Union" is to fall into a trap set by the Communist propagandists and to do their work for them.

The fallacy into which this sort of thinking falls which to my mind is the most dangerous to the cause of peace is the spreading of misapprehensions about civil defense. Anyone who was in England during the last war must remember the magnificent power of resistance shown by the noncombatant population through their organization of teams to put out incendiary bombs and to fight fires and to dig the dead and wounded out of the wreckage left by the German bombings. Civil defense did as much as the courage and skill of the young fighter pilots to win the Battle of Britain. It did more. It gave the British noncombatants a feeling of heroic comradeship that saved them from moral collapse during the unimaginable stresses of the bomb attacks. This fashionable attitude of jeering at attempts, which I admit have been distressingly feeble, to get civil defense organizations started and shelters established in this country is based on ignorance of the realities of war, of any war.

IGNORANCE in the active intellectual is much more dangerous than the ignorance of the man in the street, because the intellectual can turn his ignorance into printed phrases that become implanted prejudices in the popular mind and serve to block people off from learning by their own observation and experience.

One of the most effective deterrents to the use of nuclear bombs against American cities would be the knowledge by a possible enemy that



we had an alert civil defense based on efficient community shelters. Another would be the successful development of antimissile missiles, or of methods of disrupting the electronic controls of hostile rockets. The technology changes almost daily. Men who write to influence the public mind should try to keep up with the little driblets of information that occasionally seep through the scientists' veil of secrecy. The news isn't all bad. Anyone who saw the results of the firestorms that accompanied the thousand plane raids towards the end of the last war knows that atomic destruction could hardly be worse. Quantitatively, it is true that individual bombs will destroy larger areas, but qualitatively the results would not be so different if proper shelters removed the possibility of death from fallout. Spreading hysterical terror of atomic warfare solves none of its problems. It is equivalent to crying fire in a crowded theater.

"What is the author of this protest to do?" Wilson asks again. "Our country has become today a huge blundering power unit controlled more and more by bureaucracies whose rule is making it more and more difficult to carry on the tradition of American individualism. . . . I have come to feel that this country, whether or not I continue to live in it, is no longer any place for me."

He turns back nostalgically to the nineteenth century he was born in. The confident reformer of the past always saw himself confronted by an enemy whose defeat would represent for him a release of the forces of life, the "dawn of a new day," the beginning of a "better world." Today he finds no such adversary. "Not 'capitalism,' not 'Communism.' Simply human limitations so general as sometimes to seem insurmountable, an impulse to internecine destruction which one comes more and more to feel irrepressible." These elements "plus our runaway technology" have produced what he considers the frantic militarism of the Washington bureaucracies which are preparing "the demise of our society" under the mushroom cloud.

THE FINAL NOTE is of a despair that seems unnecessarily helpless. One is reminded of the black nihilism of some of Mark Twain's last writings. In the face of such massive unbelief an answer may seem presumptuous.

It is true that history is irreversible. You can't turn back the time stream; but, you can build new institutions out of the materials as fast as they are swept away. If tendencies toward the good didn't survive interwoven with the forces of destruction in the flow of events we wouldn't have had any civilizations to lament the passing of. When institutions are shattered some of the good in them seems to remain in

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men's consciousness. All through history intelligent and courageous individuals have been picking up the fragments and piecing them together again. If this weren't true mankind would hardly have survived the tussle for food round the mouths of the caves in the ice age.

It is a time for taking stock. Perhaps some critical voices can make themselves heard. Instead of throwing down their cards in a fit of pique it is the duty of men of intelligence and learning to get to work, as they always must, piecing together civilization's broken fragments, dissecting the generalized commonplaces that obscure realities, sorting out truth from falsehood, extolling the good and decrying the evil. Even if it were possible at any time, this particular moment would be the wrong time for a man of letters to resign from responsibility. Suppose you did shake the dust of Idlewild off your feet would the dust of the new Roman airport be so different? There is really no sense to the cry of the clown in the English musical: "Stop the world; I want to get off."

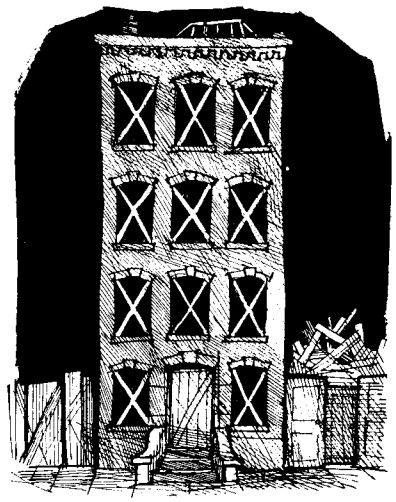
Some Cities Are Abnormal

FRANCIS G. WILSON

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES usually say they favor decentralization and liberty in local government, but they seldom write about cities. They do not ask whether cities are normal or abnormal, that is, whether anything can be done about them, or whether they should just be described while the more irresponsible reformers are held at bay. Curiously, this year is going to be a great season for New York slums in our television contributions to dramatic culture. It would appear that the Western gunman is being replaced by the slum social worker, coach, or psychiatrist. All of these characters succeed in their social work, but it will be some time, of course, before the recipients of their therapy have reached maturity.

City Politics, by Edward C. Banfield and James Q. Wilson. Harvard, $6.95

Banfield and Wilson have written a book which does not fit in with the new enthusiasm for social work in the New York slums, or in any other slum area. This is a book about cities; it deals with social forces in the whiplash of politics, not with the theory of the community. In contrast, writing about cities has for long been largely the preserve of the melioristic and progressive writer of political science textbooks. The city has been the playground of those who are urging some particular reform. Though the conservative can get his facts from this book, the professional reformer of the municipal associations will not find his ideology supported. Instead, the authors tell us that government cannot do much about some of the most exasperating of human situations, that greater evils (unspecified) are perhaps ahead, and that professional staffs of groups and associations, being Liberal intellectuals, often read their conclusions into reports when those who provide the money think quite otherwise. While the authors suggest that city cleavages do not fit into the Liberal-conservative pattern, the impact of this pattern on the city through the national bureaucracy is not adequately profiled.



Much of the material of the textbook in municipal government is included. The authors describe the legal position of the city in the state and federal system, efforts at planning, the work of the party and the machine, the forms of city government, the political roles of city employees, voters, civic leaders, businessmen, labor, Negroes, and the press. In each case one senses a serious and largely successful effort to be objective. It would be difficult to read a more dispassionate statement about the NAACP in politics than is found here. For example, the small number of Negroes who belong to the organization (an average of 3 or 4 per cent in various cities) is surely a lesson in the power of the small group to control politics.

ANYONE who is reflective about the issue of the city will miss a comparison with European traditions of city life. This book deals with the United States. There is no comparison with past time, or with cities in other parts of the world.

On the last page the authors insist there is nothing to be gained from speculation on the possibility that there will be greater evils than "municipal reformers have ever contemplated." But isn't there? Again, the most fundamental problem is one that cannot be solved in a free society or even relieved by government action at any level, local, state, or national. That is, people still have a right to move out of the central city when living becomes unbearable. This is refreshing, and will no doubt irritate the Liberal who may believe there is a solution for every issue, even if he has to create the problem in the first place.

Though reformers have not produced the results they have intended, city government has improved because of "the steady diffusion in our culture of the political ideal of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant middle-class political ethos." But from numerous references in the book the WASPS (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants) are hard to find and the ethic of reform is carried forward mostly by non-Anglo-Saxon civic leaders. If the authors really understood the varieties of religious tradition, or even more broadly the Jewish-Christian tradition, they would not have to explain municipal idealism in New York or elsewhere as a variety of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant ethic. Some Catholics have been powerful people in the establishment of human relations and interracial groups, and Jewish idealism is hardly a child of Protestantism.

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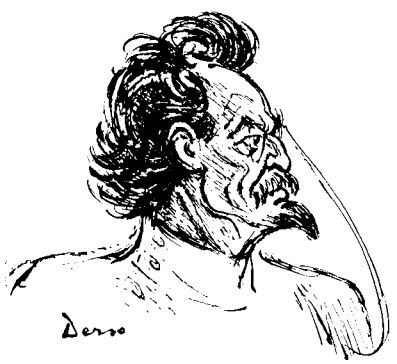
Broken Eggs of the Soviet Omelet

NATHANIEL WEYL

THE MEMOIRS OF VICTOR SERGE and the concluding volume of Isaac Deutscher's trilogy on Leon Trotsky are descriptions of the development of the Soviet messianic totalitarian system by two of its heretics and victims. Of these books, that of Serge is broader in its vision, more human in its outlook and richer in its original insights.

Serge was an enormously gifted man of letters whose books have been largely neglected because he was a revolutionist who could not live inside the stifling orthodoxies either of Stalinist Communism or of its pretentious heresies. The son of an



Leon Trotsky: "*An architect of . . . terror and the police state.*"

upper-class and exiled Russian terrorist who deserted him in childhood, Serge soon gravitated into those French anarchist circles which combined ecstatic devotion to brotherhood and fraternity with a thirst for the dregs of life, an affinity for the morally debased, and an addiction to politically senseless acts of assassination.

From the profoundly masochistic ambient of anarchism, Serge proceeded via various prisons to revolutionary Russia, where he became a high functionary of the Comintern. In Petrograd, "the metropolis of Cold, of Hunger, of Hatred, and of Endurance," Serge's keen nose sniffed the moral corruption which began to characterize the Soviet regime from its first days of power. Serge noted the rise of the Cheka to an extralegal state within the state, whose officers were characterized by Dzerzhinsky himself as early as 1919 as "half-rotten." He observed that the Cheka deliberately chose as its officials men dominated by "suspicion, embitterment, harshness and sadism," who resented the moral and intellectual superiority of their victims and who lived in a paranoid world of largely hallucinatory conspiracies. Even these men often needed alcohol or narcotics to keep going.

IN THE Soviet Union of Lenin and Trotsky, semi-democratic tendencies, such as the Kronstadt uprising, were ruthlessly repressed and the victims buried under a mantle of official lies. The Bolsheviks framed their enemies and broke their pledges. Thus, the anarchists entered into a fighting alliance with the Reds and decisively defeated the White forces of Baron Wrangel during the Civil War. As soon as victory was attained, the Bolsheviks turned their allies over to the Cheka to be killed. In another case, anti-Bolshevik socialists, jailed by the Cheka, asked to be allowed to go into the streets to forestall an uprising by their followers. As guarantee of their not escaping, they offered to take slow-acting poison. This was rejected as the Cheka viewed the uprising as a convenient pretext for the wholesale annihilation of the oppositionist masses.

Serge served the Comintern for a decade either because of revolutionary beliefs or because he needed a revolutionary ideology to provide moral sanction for his own self-destructiveness. After that, prison; then freedom in the West. He remained aloof from Trotsky despite his admiration for the former Red Army leader as a "giant." His main point was that the one declaration Trotsky had never made was in favor of liberty and the rights of man. He also noted that Trotsky had become a prisoner of his own narrow orthodoxy, was busy trying to revive an ideology that had become extinct and, through his so-called Fourth

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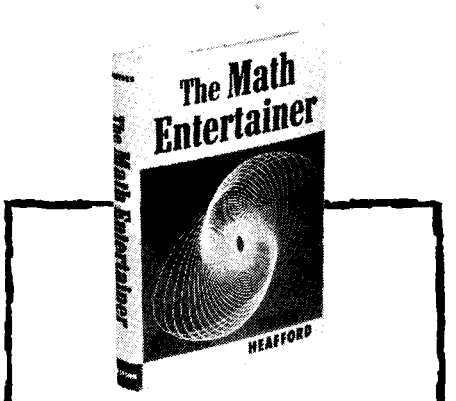
Memoirs of a Revolutionary 1901-1941, by Victor Serge. Oxford. $10.00

The Prophet Outcast, by Isaac Deutscher. Oxford, $9.50



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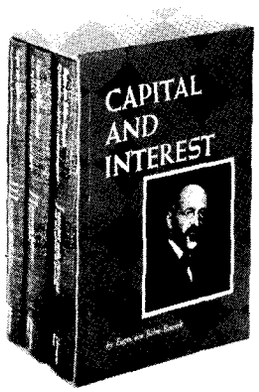
Recently two immigrant Turks washed rugs for a householder. They said they were happy in the U.S. because the standard of living was much higher. They gave as the reason for that the "existence of unions in this country"; "that," they said, "was the sole explanation for prosperity in this country." These men, however, are deluded!

If unions had anything appreciably to do with the rise of the standard of living, then the prosperity of the Chinese and the Indians can be solved simply by organizing unions over there. Put that way, of course, nobody believes that unions cause prosperity. Unions do not *create* prosperity; *they live off prosperity!*

All the essays in this book are classics. Open it at random, and on practically any page basic ideas are succinctly stated. For example, in the tenth essay Mises wrote (pp. 152-3):

> Public opinion believes that the improvement in the conditions of the wage-earners is an achievement of the unions and of various legislative measures. It gives to unionism and to legislation credit for the rise in wage rates, the shortening of hours of work, the disappearance of child labor and many other changes. The prevalence of this belief made unionism popular and is responsible for the trend in labor legislation of the last two decades. As people think that they owe to unionism their high standard of living, they condone violence, coercion, and intimidation on the part of unionized labor and are indifferent to the curtailment of personal freedom inherent in the union-shop and closed-shop clauses.



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This consists of five essays: I The Austrian Economists; II Whether Legal Rights and Relationships Are Economic Goods; III Control or Economic Law?; IV Unresolved Contradiction in the Marxian Economic System (formerly, *Karl Marx and the Close of His System*); and V The Ultimate Standard of Value.

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International, was sanctioning the development, on a picayune scale, of inquisitorial, bureaucratic and police-state methods of dealing with dissent.

Serge wisely remained aloof from the schismatic sects, fulfilled his life's mission of serving as eyewitness to the events that had brought havoc and doom to so much of the world, and died alone and in poverty in Mexico.

DEUTSCHER's *The Prophet Outcast* deals with Trotsky's eleven years of exile, terminating with his murder. The writer has had the unique advantage of access to the sealed section of Trotsky's archives at Harvard.

These last years were a period of darkening shadows for Trotsky. On the world scale, the rival totalitarian enormities of Hitler and Stalin seemingly moved toward ascendancy; on the human level, Trotsky was the object of a relentless and increasing persecution which annihilated his family and his closest coadjutors, drove him from one precarious asylum to the next and finally encompassed his death.

The impact of this tragedy is somewhat mitigated by the narrowness of Trotsky's vision, his almost total preoccupation with the politics of power and the fact that he himself was an architect of and apologist for terror and the police state.

While Trotsky was a far more appealing and civilized human being than Stalin, his claim to the designation "prophet" is, to say the least, tenuous. The foundation stone of Trotskyism was the denial of the possibility of building socialism in one country. Yet socialism, as both Stalin and Trotsky understood the word, was built in the Soviet Union. The most important corollary tenet of Trotskyism was its doctrine of "permanent revolution" and the demand that Russia concentrate on bringing about a proletarian upheaval in the West which would save Communism from encirclement in its Russian fortress. Yet, the workers of the advanced West rejected Communism wherever it marched under its own ideological colors and the Trotskyist Fourth International never held any attraction for labor in industrialized countries.

As Stalin seemingly came to recognize, the revolutionary appeal of Communism to the working class tended to be greatest in the back-

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ward nations and to vary inversely with the prosperity, education, intelligence and exposure to free institutions of peoples. When one seeks to separate the paranoid and psychotic qualities of Stalin, the man, from the basic strategy of Stalinism, the doctrine, it appears that the latter was more effective as a means of Soviet survival than the policies advocated by Trotsky.

Deutscher's well-written and logically organized narrative is necessarily weighted down with the leaden ballast of Marxian controversy. After 25 years, one is disagreeably impressed by the arid, vituperative and cocksure tone of these polemics and amazed at the capacity of both factions for unrealistic judgments.

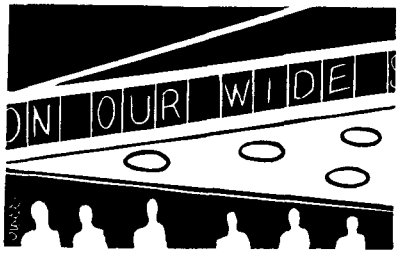
If Trotsky was a tragic hero, he failed to learn from his own martyrdom. All factions of Communism agree (as they must) that the sole criterion of morality is whether or not human action aids the dialectic of history. Therefore, Communist appeals to Western standards of ethical conduct are necessarily hollow. Terror and the organization of state power for the perpetration of crimes may be relaxed or abandoned. But any such decision is based on expediency, not ethical imperative, and is an act of largesse, not a recognition of human rights. If and when the exigencies of the revolutionary process make Stalinist total despotism expedient, it is the moral duty of the Soviet state to take that step. The contrast between criminal and victim is blurred since both are united in a tacit acceptance of the morality of crime.

Movies

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Cardinal

FRANCIS RUSSELL

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON'S *roman à clef, The Cardinal*—unlike the skeleton key he provided for *Finnegans Wake*—unlocked no library doors. It did transfer to paper a lot of ecclesiastical backstairs gossip. Those who knew the Boston archdiocese could and did identify most of the characters, incidents and places. Picking them out was an amusing parlor game locally when the book first appeared. Robinson had spent a year as a seminarian, and although he had not found his vocation there, he had picked up a number of incidentals. His theme seemed to interest a lot of people, for in spite of its contrivances and its lack of literary merit the book was translated into fourteen languages. The testy old cardinal was, of course, the late Cardinal O'Connell. Stephen Fermoyle, the book's hero, in his upwards and onwards career from curate to cardinal was considered to be a somewhat less exact portrait of Cardinal Spellman.



Rumor has it that there were hierarchical objections to having *The Cardinal* made into a film at all. If so, the objections were well founded. Earlier I felt it none of my business if Otto Preminger wanted to rehabilitate all twelve of the Hollywood Ten. If he now develops a yearning towards the Knights of Malta, or even the Knights of Columbus, that is not my business either. But when he gasses me periodically with one of his three-hour monstropics, it is my business, for I have to sit there. According to *The Cardinal* souvenir program, the new Stephen Fermoyle's problems "are Everyman's timeless struggle; Tolerance against Hate, Democracy against Totalitarianism, Idealism against Doubt." All those capitals are Mr. Preminger's; that lonely figure doing penance in the mezzanine is F. Russell.

The film opens with Stephen Fermoyle's elevation to the cardinalate. This ceremony is interrupted periodically by flashbacks that trace Stephen's career

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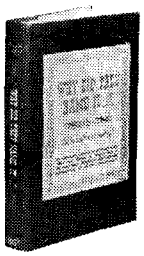
By Hannah Campbell



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from the humble decency of its beginnings in a Boston suburb to the princely splendor of the Vatican, with stops at all local stations along the way. This is a flashback series to end all flashbacks.

But Mr. Preminger has not just been content to transcribe what some assistant found in an obsolete book. He has buffed it, chrome-plated it. I have a mental image, not wholly inaccurate I think, of the great director summoning a writer from the stable and laying it on the line: "We had a tough time getting this picture cleared, but now we've got it rolling it's got to be a great picture, G-R-E-A-T. It's got to have universal appeal. Streamline it. Get in something about desegregation—how you do it is your business, but get it in. A little love interest; keep it clean, though. Maybe you could work in something about the Nazis. End it up with something from the Declaration of Independence — in English, not Latin!" Only by visualizing some such get-together can I account for the disconnected sequences of this dull, disconnected film.

THE FILM was concocted—"conferenced" would, I suppose, be the appropriate neologism—to slant Stephen Everyman's timeless struggle to everyman's aunt and uncle. Never mind if the book didn't mention integration, the rise of the Nazis, the rape of Austria, the beautiful blue Danube. Step right up folks! What you missed in the book, you watch on the film. See the Ku Klux Klan ride again; listen to those bull-whips whistle as they hit bare flesh; follow the Storm Troopers as they sack Vienna; visit beautiful Cloister Duernstein; twirl with the star-crossed lovers at a "glittering society ball" in the Pallavicini Palace; tour historic Rome.

Unfortunately one can't see the scenery for the stereotypes. Young Stephen is a broth of a boy-o, and that little Fermoyle-o family is in the honored tradition of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Mr. Preminger follows the book to make his pitch for the Irish and Jewish members of the congregation and the pious old lady from Dubuque, but where the book stops he presses on. Stephen in his hierarchical rise becomes as ubiquitous and all-knowing as Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd.

A little segregation trouble in Georgia of the twenties? Monsignor Stephen, heedless of the anachronism, is off from Rome to Georgia to express solidarity with the Negro priest whose rural church has been burned by the most primitive gang of rednecks since the old touring companies of *Tobacco Road*. Is poor old Cardinal Innitzer a little wobbly in his dealings with the Nazis at the time of the *Anschluss*? Bishop Stephen, sent special delivery, will put him straight. This of course gives a wonderfully irrelevant opportunity to show the Storm Troopers charging through the streets, sacking the Cardinal's palace and finally cleaning up the members of the Catholic Youth who gather in front of St. Stephen's, roll their eyes heavenwards and (so help me, folks!) sing Mozart's *Alleluia*. The Preminger Troopers, recruited from students at the University of Vienna, I found quite charming, in particular one delightfully destructive little blonde from the *Bund Deutscher Mädel*.

Being in Vienna, Bishop Stephen is able to look up his old girl friend of ten years before, the green-eyed Romy Schneider. Ah, but that was a romance! Nothing like it since the Student Prince walked out on Kathie. Stephen at the Vatican had developed doubts about his vocation and had been given a two years' leave of absence by the old cardinal. Those two years he spends as a civilian language teacher in Vienna. One of his pupils is our Romy, and of course the two fall in love—all naturally within the bounds of the Legion of Decency. Stephen in his struggle between heart and soul develops that costive look. Needless to say the Church wins. Folks, don't miss that scene where Romy comes to meet Stevey in the old Strudel Café and he stares through the plate-glass window at her and she suddenly lamps his resumed Roman collar!

In the last scene Cardinal Stephen, on receiving his red hat, proceeds to preach one of those sentence-sermons that used to be distributed by King Features, intoning with extreme unction that "all men alike are children of God, endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That is America's creed. That is the gospel of The Church." Come, come now, Mr. Preminger. Jesus or Jefferson—you can't have it

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both ways! And while we are about it there are a few little technical matters I'd like to set straight. The streetcar that the Fermoyles rode on in 1918 was an 1898 model long gone out of use. Plus-fours were not worn in 1917 but ten years later—in fact I could fill a long list of clothes anachronisms in *The Cardinal*, despite Donald Brooks. The doughboys going off to World War I did not wear the brimmed felt hats of the Mexican campaign, but overseas caps. The term "boy friend" was not of the first World War period; it derived from the popular song "The Boy-friend and Me," circa 1922. "I've had it," is a British-derived phrase from World War II. And so on.

As a younger man than yourself, Mr. Preminger, though somewhat aged from the cinema epics I've had to sit through in the last few years, may I make a final friendly suggestion? Get a good book next time. Get some new nags for that writing stable. Get the facts, as our old history master liked to say. And, since we are in the mood, I'm sure you'll not mind this last quotation from the Bill of Rights: "With all thy getting, get understanding."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SPYGLASS: VIEWS AND REVIEWS 1924-1930, by Donald Davidson, selected and edited by John Tyree Fain (Vanderbilt University Press, $4). The highest public literacy culture in the South is embedded deep in the Sunday issues of newspapers—the Book Page. Donald Davidson, the gifted professor, poet, and essayist of the Fugitive and Agrarian movements of the thirties, took over the book page of the *Nashville Tennessean* in 1924 and elevated it to one of the most aware and literate commentaries in the country. This collection of Prof. Davidson's contributions, selected from his column "The Spyglass," and, later, "The Critic's Almanac," covers an amazing range of subjects, from poetry to sociology, from criticisms of critics to charming, polite essays on any subject at all. New York and New England have so dominated our critical thinking that the idea of a regionalist critic seems a contradiction in terms. The integrity of these essays is therefore a lesson in American culture, and a hopeful argument to anyone interested to see local excellence and regional distinctiveness in the arts as in the general culture of America. The historical —and nostalgic—value of this collection is obvious. The student of Prof. Davidson's later and more painstaking work will recognize the haste in some of the more ephemeral pieces, but for the most Mr. Fain, the editor, has chosen work from which our interest has not evaporated. The book is a delightful one for reading around in, and a mine for the researcher into opinion and the history of ideas.

G. DAVENPORT

ON REVOLUTION, by Hannah Arendt (Viking, $6.50). If there has to be someone to express the dream of sudden transition that dominates this age, that someone couldn't be more delightful than Hannah Arendt. Miss Arendt has one of the most alert and active minds of our day, but not surprisingly she is unsound on the role of revolutions in today's political context. She is the philosopher of politics when she points out that "every attempt to solve the social question with political means leads into terror"; but she is a purveyor of prevailing ideology when she resists the idea that twentieth-century revolutions tend inherently to end in one-party dictatorships. She moves close to this conclusion in her discussion of the role of "councils" (Räte, Soviets), but away again in expatiating on "the betrayal" of the revolutions of Lenin, Mao, Castro, Ben Bella, Sukarno, etc. Nor does her conclusion that fear of revolution has been the hidden *leitmotif* of recent American foreign policy come any closer to reality. The mystique of revolution has been our *leitmotif*: witness Truman on the fate of the British Empire; Eisenhower on Suez or the world-role of Nehru; Kennedy on Cuba, Africa, or just about anything.

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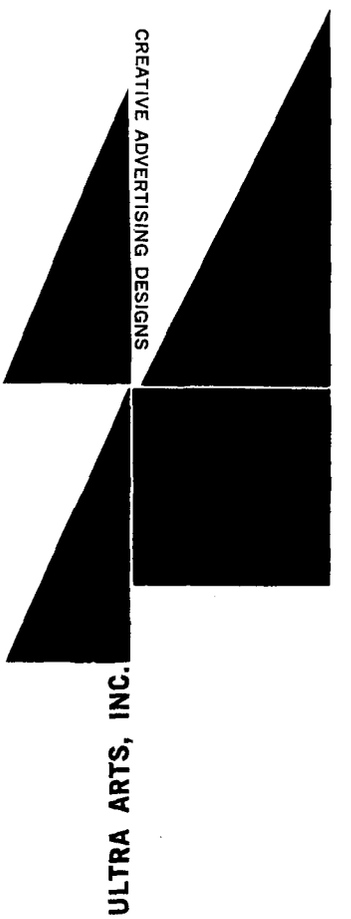

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To the Editor

At Home with NR

May one humble reader, wandering about the country but always at home with NATIONAL REVIEW, invoke orchids for the Christmas issue, outstandingly good in several departments. Mrs. Heath's annual romp was absolutely delightful; the Santayana of extreme interest; Brogan's view of Home new and fresh. I was nourished by Russell Kirk's feast of hope; entertained by Francis Russell's reminiscences; and pleased as usual by a great book section—all in addition to being wildly enthusiastic over the editorial on LBJ at the UN, which sort of thing please do more often!

Indianapolis, Ind. JAMES BAUMGARTNER

Go, Man, Go!

NATIONAL REVIEW is a precocious Little Lord Fauntleroy. Re your Dec. 31 editorial on Lyndon Johnson's UN speech. Can't you just once in a while get your feet down on solid contemporary gutter-ground level and call Johnson's speech a snow job designed to make a backward spinsterish public?

Sorensen is an emotion mathematician. His prefabricated sermons are practiced psychological exercises out of a calculating-machine mentality. Once you know that, intrigue yourself with the latest socialist advertising gimmick, but must we continue to greet each speech with the tender expectations usually reserved for the latest neighborhood news from Aunt Polly? Get some street-level reality and muscle and red blood into your thinking and your text. Go live with some hoodlum tycoon for awhile. Take off your tux and use a shovel for this refuse. Not a teaspoon. Less sickly reverence and more healthy spit.

Denver, Colo. EUGENE A. FISHER

Those Rods

Aloise Heath did it again. "Spare Me the Rods" [Dec. 31] was a gem both of humor and of pedagogy. I've read lots of discussions about "modern" math programs as a math teacher, but now I know for the first time why I think the program is good.

E Orange, N. J. ERIC R. STIETZEL

Having grown accustomed to NATIONAL REVIEW as the clear light of Reason in a half-mad world, and Russell Kirk as the only conceivable choice for Commission of Education (as opposed to Non-Education) in this age of Newspeak, we cannot accept without protest Mrs. Heath's rapturous endorsement of color rubrics for mathematical relationships.

If two light greens are dark green, no doubt half of crimson is red? Yellow is the key of D—since Millay, at least. Mathematics may be the music of the spheres, but it is no rainbow for most of us—certainly not for the color-blind who are apparently to be the mathematically handicapped under the new dispensation.

Do you suppose that Mrs. Heath, for a nominal fee of course, could be persuaded to wax equally gleeful over "look-say" and rescue the various basic reader series of textbooks from the battering they are now receiving at the hands of "phonics" enthusiasts?

Salt Lake City, Utah HARTWELL GOODRICH

I have just read Aloise B. Heath's article "Spare Me the Rods," which could well have been titled "Spare the Rod . . .".

The Color Code system of teaching math seems like a devious and sly system for teaching minds made devious and sly by complete lack of discipline. If my children addressed me the way Aloise B. Heath says her children address her, I would have failed as a parent. Many and devious are the ways in which the Godless Liberal Movement deceives the unwary.

I would suggest that Aloise B. Heath revert to her healthy maternal instincts and eschew the siren mumbo-jumbo intellectualism of the Educational Establishment.

Metuchen, N. J. DESMOND V. WORAM

Welfare and the Poor

May I protest against Mr. Robert J. Dwyer's solution of the problem of the poor [Dec. 17], and still remain a conservative? He forgets that the poor we will always have with us. There is and always has been a class of people who are for one reason or another completely or virtually unemployable. Christ recognized this and so did the English Poor Laws, nor is ours the only society to do so. His solution (to make welfare "demeaning, degrading, disgraceful") has been thoroughly tested in times past with no success but attendant misery, and embarrassment to society.

The solution, I believe, is two-fold. We must tighten up welfare both in principle and practice. There should be less money, which is so easily diverted to liquor, etc., and more vouchers for food, clothing, etc. This is especially important in the ADC field. The problem is complex, but can be solved with constant attention to re-

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sults and psychological aspects. We must continue to expand and modernize our economy so that there will be worthwhile jobs for all who want them, which definitely excludes share-the-wealth leafraking.

Eventually our standard of living should be high enough so that the unemployables will be well off by absolute standards (a warm room, a full stomach and TV). And this is where I must disagree with Mr. Dwyer. Keeping body and soul together only is like life in the death house; it is not fit for human beings. In time their piteous condition would bring our society crashing down. If not, then anyway our society would not be "worth conforming to," as Mr. Dwyer puts it.

Falls Church, Va. WALTER B. LAREW JR.

"Let us make it rotten to be poor" indeed. Does Mr. Dwyer actually contend that poverty can be anything more than degrading and intolerable to the unfortunate person who finds himself in that condition? Speaking of the few who will abuse and take unfair advantage of any system of social welfare to indict an entire segment of our population which is economically depressed through no fault or desire of its own is not only unfair, it is just plain bad thinking. Mr. Dwyer would be on much firmer ground if he explained where the jobs would come from if the poor of this country were not "lazy, uneducated, sick, undependable." He must certainly be aware that the economic expansion of our nation today lies far below desirable levels, thus creating vast pockets of unemployment; that automation in industry is bound to suffer, at least temporarily, further displacements of the labor force. Yet Mr. Dwyer promulgates the myth that people are poor by their own choice, and that by making it "rotten to be poor," by attaching "a stigma to being poor," the desperately needed jobs are going to be magically there for the asking.

New York, N. Y. ROBERT ANZELL

I have never before written to a publication, but at the article "I *Know* About the Negroes and the Poor" by Robert Dwyer, I feel I must raise a protest, small and futile though it be.

For you see, I not only *live* amongst the poor, I *am* one of the poor. I *know* the bitter desperation of poverty well indeed. And *now* I am told by this smug prig that I *want* to be poor and that I *will* not and/or *can* not compete, the implication being that I have all the opportunity in the world to do so, if I could or would!

Would NATIONAL REVIEW give me an opportunity to test some of that renowned private charity wealthy conservatives are always so keen about? To prove to Mr. Dwyer that there is at least one white and poor man who is willing, eager and able to *compete* in this country if given a chance—would NATIONAL REVIEW print my letter and give my address to any wealthy person willing to loan me the money to help work my way through college? I'm sure I possess (although this contradicts Dwyer's Law) all requirements except money. I am deeply sincere about this.

Although I'll be overjoyed to be proven wrong, I must say I don't expect any response to this letter (I doubt *NR* will even print it) because this would shatter the concept of Poor White Trash, and it is *such* a comfortable and useful concept, isn't it?

Chicago, Ill. CHARLES E. HENRY

Does Mr. Dwyer seriously believe that the Welfare Department will carry a person on public assistance when he can, but does not, seek employment? The latest figures which are available from the New York City Welfare Department (August 1959) show that of those numbers of Puerto Ricans needing home relief, 51.7 per cent were employed; of Negroes 43 per cent; of whites 20 per cent. However, the incomes of these people were not sufficient for maintenance. Now, Mr. Dwyer relates how some of his "welfare neighbors" smoke and drink, although no allowance is made for this. Is he familiar with the allowances of a welfare budget? A family of four, for example, consisting of two adults and two children, four and six, with a net income of $45 a week, and paying a rent of $50 per month, does not qualify for public assistance. I challenge Mr. Dwyer to live on a public assistance budget for one week, and discover first-hand the amount of elasticity in it.

Mr. Dwyer's uneducated view of welfare is exceeded in ignorance by his simplifications and distortions of complex social and economic problems. This is quite disturbing when it appears in a highly intellectual

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journal like NATIONAL REVIEW. *First,* Mr. Dwyer says that the Negro has been a citizen of the U.S. for 300 years. His citizenship, which is still not recognized in many places in our land, dates back to 1863, and a document known as the Emancipation Proclamation. *Second,* as oposed to the hardy Irish and Polish immigrants whom the author rightfully admires, the Negro did not come to this country voluntarily. He was a slave with a primitive background and the only cultural roots he was able to have were those imposed upon him by his white benefactors who readily fathered his illegitimate children. A Negro slave was deprived of family life and independence. He was *forcibly* raised on dependency and immorality by the white man, and now he is, as a group, expected to become "white" in everything but skin color. *Third,* Mr. Dwyer alludes to the large number of Negro social workers, policemen, clerks, and aldermen. That there are Negroes in these positions is a credit to the indomitability of their spirit. It is significant, however, that the positions that the author uses as examples are primarily civil service jobs, where color of skin is no handicap and usually only ability is measured.

Elmhurst, N. Y. HOWARD ABADINSKY

As a tax-paying, crime-haunted resident of New York City—where we have thousands of career reliefers and apparently morally bankrupt families among the more than 300,000 welfare beneficiaries whom we are supporting—I am sure that much of Robert J. Dwyer's article about the residents of Milwaukee's "blighted area" is quite true.

However, when Mr. Dwyer wrote that "those [Americans] who support the psychiatrists are the fancy neurotics, the fakes and the poseurs of our society," he displayed an abysmal ignorance, an almost pathetic smugness. Could it be that he doth protest too violently . . . feels a *great* personal need for *intensive* psychiatric help himself?

New York, N. Y. H. STIRLING WATLINGTON

Mr. Dwyer Replies:

Obviously, I have not made myself clear. I presumed too much. Not only did I feel that everyone knew the Corn Law had been repealed, I presumed that everyone knew that ADC cases, because of policy set down

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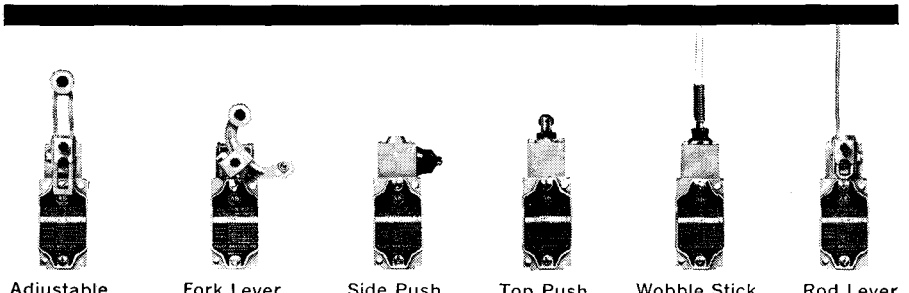

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Professor Wilhelm Roepke
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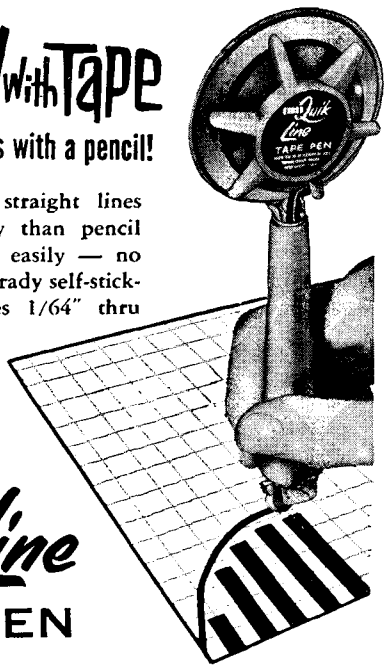

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from Washington, cannot be handled on a voucher system, regardless of the aggravated nature of the case. I also took for granted that anyone, Liberal or conservative, interested enough to read through my piece would accept as a basic principle that our goal must be to protect and enhance human dignity, and not to destroy it. It seems to me that the wrong-headedness of Baldwin and Macdonald consists almost precisely in this: they destroy human dignity by condescension, by mistaking indulgence for charity.

Mr. Buckley ("What Johnny Doesn't Know," Jan. 14) makes my point brilliantly in the context of things intellectual. He says that we must "doubt ourselves but not our ideals." I was talking about a facet of our national moral life, but the grave need of our times is the same in both fields. We need objective standards. We need to call a spade a spade, even if it means that we criticize those who are down and out already. If we have any real belief in the freedom of the will and of the intellect, we will not rule out a proposal because it conflicts with the prejudices of Walter Lippmann, but we will be prepared to reject it if it conflicts with the teachings of Christ.

The Russians have proven conclusively that it is better to allow millions of peasant farmers to raise what they think best, in an undirected, helter-skelter manner, than to plan the whole thing scientifically from Moscow. So it is also with social work. If the vast majority are proud of and willing to fight for their own self-sufficiency, their thinking will leaven society. If we try to inject initiative into those who do not have it by intensive case work, and psychiatric treatment, in a society which condemns initiative, we will soon find ten cases needing attention for each one we cure.

If the welfare addict were really looked down on by his neighbor, the class would not be growing. If we really gave acceptance to true success—the success which is both the cause and the result of a truly integral Christian personality—the milieu of our society would provide the incentive for the downtrodden to rise. But as long as we insist that it is our obligation to raise them, and not their obligation to rise, we are fighting a hopeless war.

Milwaukee, Wisc. ROBERT J. DWYER

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

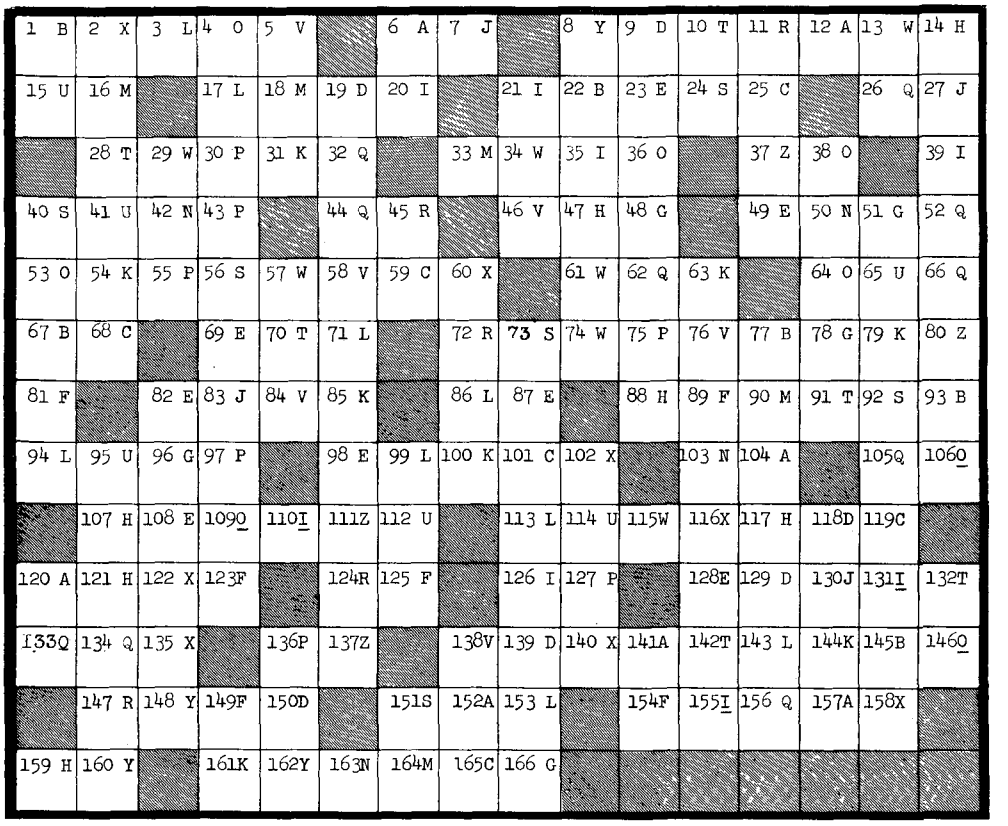
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. New England college whose trustees administer a Washington, D. C., library.	6 141 152 157 12 104 120
B. Our envoy to a European nation.	1 145 22 77 67 93
C. A Democratic House member.	101 165 25 59 68 119
D. Free from some liability.	118 139 129 150 9 19
E. Former Cabinet member now in Senate.	128 23 98 108 49 69 82 87
F. Not a Southern senator but still a senator.	154 89 123 125 149 81
G. A Southern senator.	166 48 51 78 96
H. Type of railroad ticket.	14 107 117 159 47 88 121
I. A Mohawk Indian chief.	20 126 131 21 35 39 110 155
J. Synonym for ample (archaic).	27 7 83 130
K. West Indies island.	63 161 85 144 31 54 79 100
L. A mean, sordid person.	153 3 71 143 113 17 86 99 94
M. To pay a call.	90 164 16 18 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Spanish possession in Africa.	103 163 42 50
O. A degree of this at the equator is 69.17 statute miles.	53 106 146 109 4 36 64 133 38
P. A Republican House member.	127 43 75 136 30 97 55
Q. A Republican House member.	66 134 156 26 52 62 105 32 44
R. Prefix meaning below.	124 45 147 72 11
S. American novelist (1876-1947).	24 56 151 40 73 92
T. A Republican House member.	28 70 142 10 91 132
U. A Democratic senator.	41 65 114 15 112 95
V. Name of two House Democrats.	46 76 84 58 138 5
W. Petroleum.	115 13 74 29 57 34 61
X. Former Cabinet member now in Senate.	122 102 135 140 2 158 116 60
Y. German composer (1822-1882).	148 8 160 162
Z. Boat used in Confederate Navy.	137 80 37 111

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Please see pg. 58 for solution of last week's Trans-o-Gram.



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For The Record

U.S. Government report on smoking received with mixed emotions in Albany. Revenooers feel a sharp drop in cigarette smoking would put hole in Nelson Rockefeller's already precariously balanced (pay-as-you-go) budget. Albany is expecting to pull in $127 million in current fiscal year from 5¢ a pack cigarette tax and had projected close to $150 million from tax in fiscal '65. . . . Indication of Goldwater sentiment in Illinois (it's big) shown by decision of Charles Percy to resign as director of Rockefeller-controlled Chase Manhattan Bank. Percy is running in Illinois GOP gubernatorial primary and doesn't want to alienate Au-H.Oers. . . . Look magazine's "The Insider's Newsletter" now refers to all anti-Goldwater forces within the GOP as "Dewey Republicans."

Twenty thousand East Germans of one category made it through the Wall in 1963: elderly people too sick or feeble to work. . . . Questions being asked in the French Chamber about French citizens still in Algerian concentration camps. The latest furor arose when sailors from the freighter Hasiblal, seized by the Algerian Government in November, reported seeing numerous European women and children in Algerian prisons. . . . Ben Bella's socialist revolutionary state offers quick relief for sufferers from toothache. With most dentists gone, dental work consists pretty much these days in tooth-yanking by unskilled labor.

At the turn of the year, New York City taxi fleet gradually taking on blue and orange hues as new cabs are painted in World's Fair Colors. . . . Adelphi University, incidentally, will conduct a Free Enterprise Workshop in five languages next year at the Fair's Free Enterprise Pavilion. . . . Latest gambit of Educational Policies Commission, sponsored by NEA and AASA (American Association of School Administrators), is to urge legislation to ensure two years of college free for all high school graduates who apply, regardless of grades.

President Lyndon Johnson managed to have controversial Wisconsin Democratic National Committeeman and UAW labor lawyer David Rabinovitz sworn in as federal judge just twelve minutes before Congress reconvened. The Senate had not acted on JFK's nomination of Rabinovitz presumably because the nomination had been opposed by both the Wisconsin Bar and ABA (see NR, Dec. 3). . . . Administration hopes for quick action on Medicare somewhat dashed by death last week of Rep. Howard Baker (R., Tenn.), number two Republican on House Ways and Means Committee. It was thought Baker would vote to report out the Medicare bill; his successor could well be less pliable.

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When Elias Alvarez del Castillo, of the out-of-power Authentic Power of the Mexican Revolution party (PARM) complained that the PRI (the party that's been in power for 30 years) had rigged the last election in Mexico City's 17th district, Alfonso Martinez Dominguez, the PRI member on the Federal Electoral Commission, angrily denied this. The party machine is so well organized, said Sr. Martinez Dominguez, that "cheating is no longer necessary."

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